

The Sketch

No. 736.—Vol. LVII.

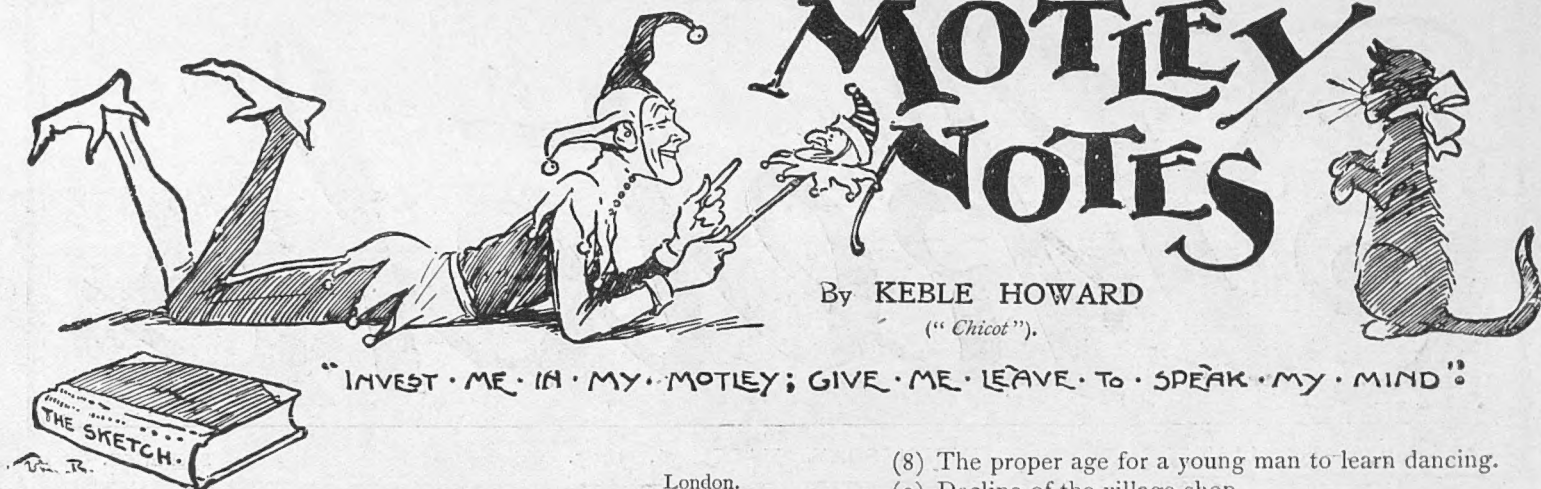
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE LONGEST NECKS IN THE WORLD: METAL-COLLARED WOMEN IN THE BOND STREET OF PADANG.

The women of Padang have longer necks than anyone in the world. They wear high collars in the form of metal rings from early childhood, and as they grow up, ring after ring is added, until the effect illustrated is gained. It may be said that the wearing of this collar is a sign of smartness, as those donning them are unable to work. The curious top-knot, suggestive of a nest and eggs, should also be noted.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London.

A Puzzling Doctor.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson is a nice writer, but obscure. Dr. Woods Hutchinson, against whom I have no grudge whatever, has been knocking out an article for *Harper's Magazine* on the ideal athlete. This is Dr. Hutchinson's straight tip: "One of the chief requisites for the ideal athlete is to be a gentleman. By training like a gentleman, and treating his opponent as a gentleman, the athlete will avoid all the physical dangers and reap all the possible benefits of athletics." That is an invaluable piece of advice, especially to those athletes who are able to discover the learned doctor's meaning. Does he mean, for example, that the footballer should refrain from pushing roughly against his opponent? If he did so, there can be little doubt that he would avoid all physical danger; but a still more certain way of avoiding it would be not to play at all. Again, would the prize-fighter who was particularly careful not to strike his adversary upon the point of the jaw—a very ungentlemanly thing to do—reap all the possible benefits of prize-fighting? I'm afraid not. He would be more likely to reap a frightful smack in the eye, followed by a punch in the ribs and a heavy fall. However, one may have misread the doctor. As I say, his article is clearly intended for those, and only those, who can understand it.

Death in the Joke.

An American writer, whose name I quite forget, had the impertinence to say, a little while ago, that the sense of humour in England is dead. The editor of a popular magazine ran a symposium on the subject, you may remember, and the American gentleman was handled almost as severely as he deserved. For my own part, I retaliated, in my shy little way, by endeavouring to parody the typical American joke. I am reminded of my attempt by reading in an English daily paper an American joke that made an American girl laugh so much that she nearly died. As a matter of fact, she laughed without stopping for twelve hours, and then, presumably, fainted from exhaustion. They did everything they could think of to soothe her, but the more cold keys they put down her back the more the girl laughed. They slapped her, said rude things about her age and appearance, even hinted at the sudden death of her well-beloved. Still she laughed. What was the joke? This: The girl had been having a tooth out. It hurt her very much. When the operation was over she said to the dentist—

"I wish we were born without teeth!"

"We are," said the dentist.

And I wish, for my part, that I had heard about the laughing girl before I contributed to the symposium I have mentioned.

A Pleasant Programme.

My informal "Suggestion" Competition has proved wildly successful. The postmen were rarely far from my doorstep, and when I missed their familiar faces, I knew that they would soon be back again with further replies. To tell the truth, I did not realise that there were so many ideas in this stale old world. Here are some of the topics that my kind readers have suggested for discussion in "Motley Notes"—

- (1) Incandescent gas v. electric light.
- (2) The stationary motor-engine in the farm.
- (3) Elementary knowledge of infectious diseases.
- (4) Is the pianola ousting the piano-player?
- (5) Corporation as applied to men's tailoring requirements.
- (What in the world does *that* mean?)
- (6) Our national coal-supply.
- (7) The proper time for winding up clocks.

- (8) The proper age for a young man to learn dancing.
- (9) Decline of the village shop.
- (10) Brighton in the time of the Georges.
- (11) Bridge teas: what time should be given to each?
- (12) Diamond studs: how large should they be?

The Winner!

One competitor evidently thought I was asking somebody to write these notes for me. (Chorus.) At any rate, his reply consisted of three long, type-written sheets, which he entitled: "A Few of My Thoughts on Woman v. Man." I should like to print the letter in full, but I'm afraid my Editor, who is a stern man at times, would accuse me of shuffling. Without more ado, then, allow me to announce that the winner of the competition is Miss Ethel Coppock, of Davenport Park, Stockport, who sends me no fewer than thirty-three suggestions, most of them good. If Miss Coppock (by the way, I think this lady also won the "Christian Names" competition last summer: there is no collusion)—will let me know which book she would like I will send it without delay.

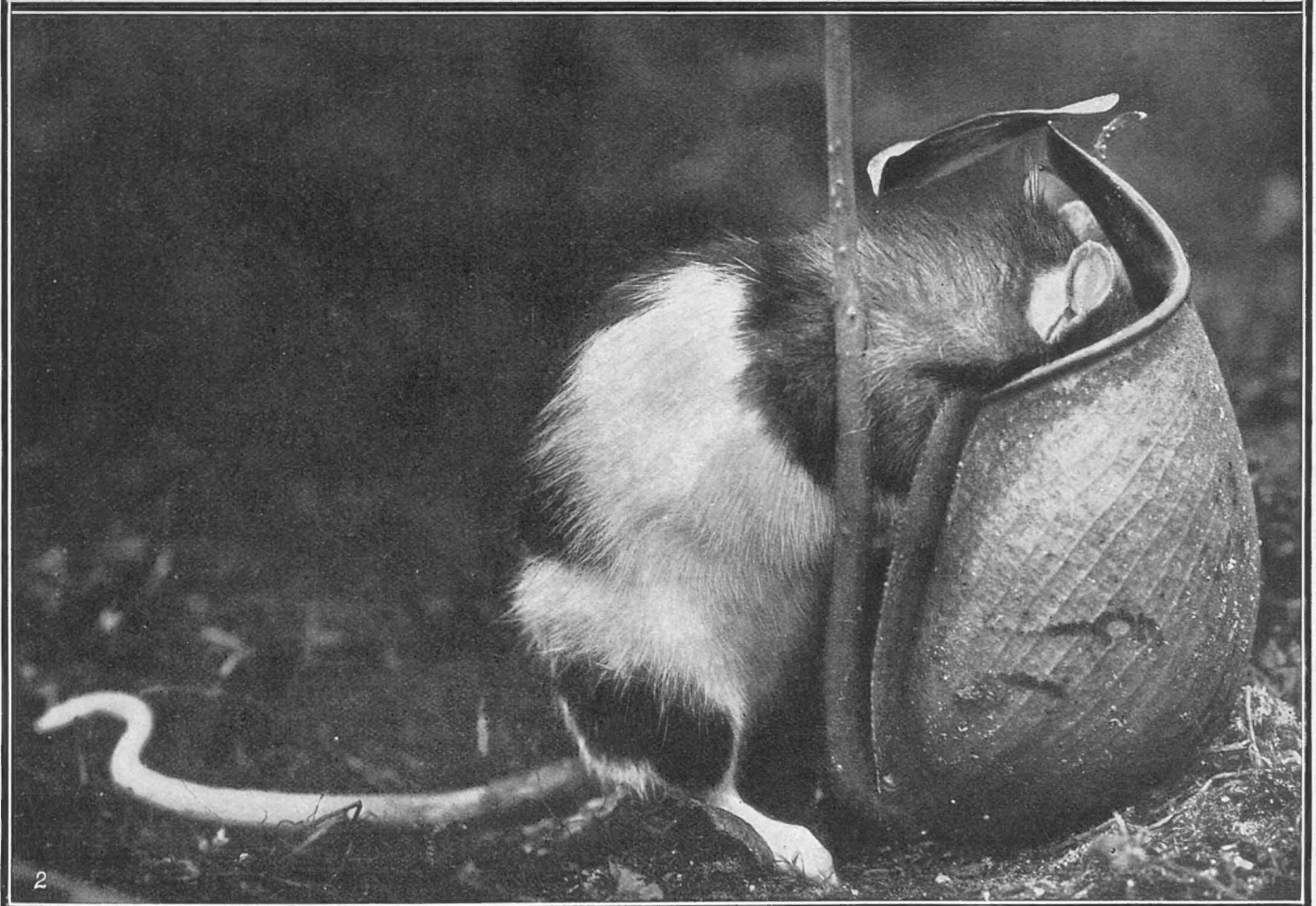
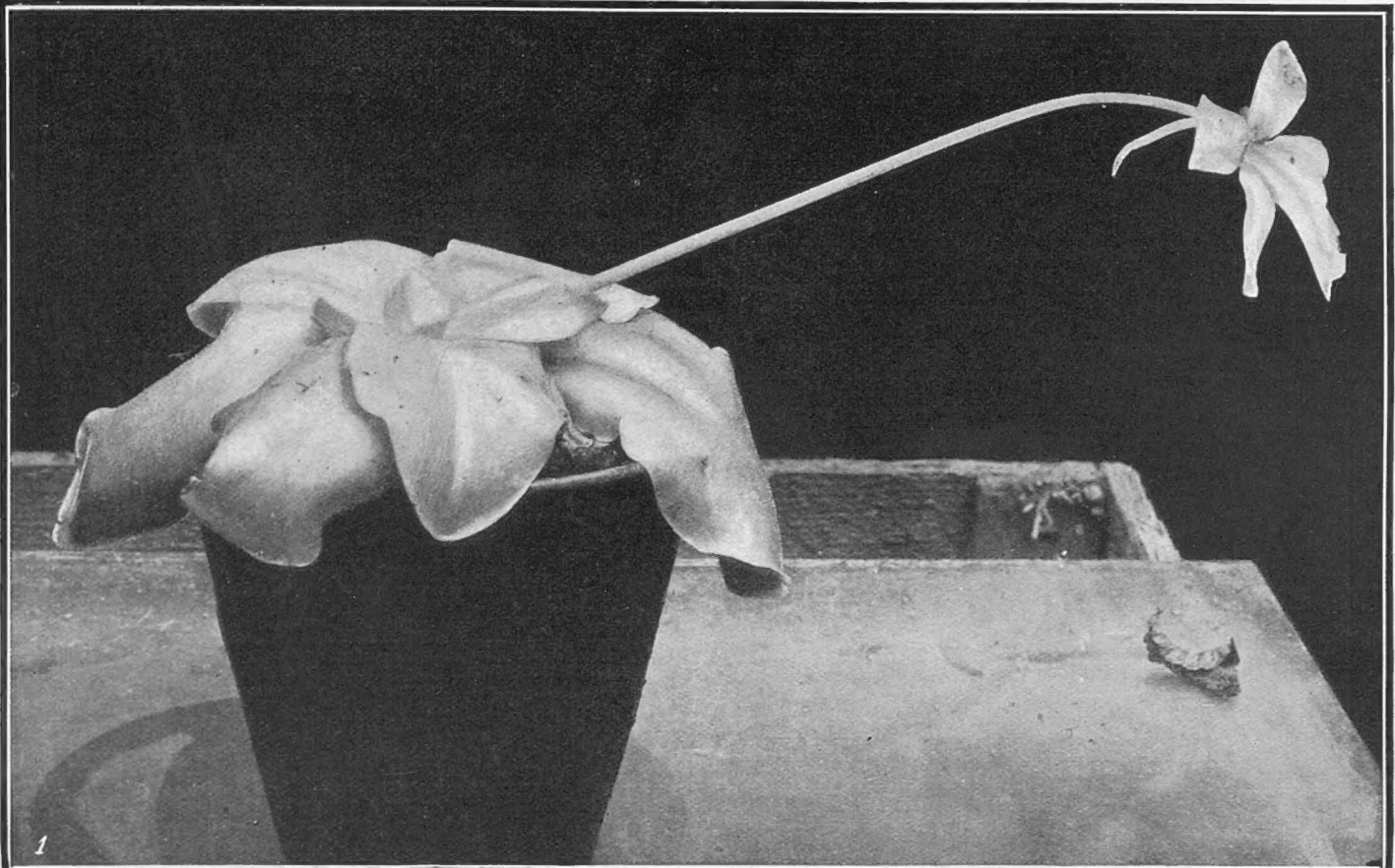
I Wax Encyclopædic.

Incidentally, two correspondents asked direct questions—one difficult to answer, the other easy. The difficult one we will attempt to shelve first. It is this: "If, after a course of sanatorium treatment, a patient is pronounced cured, should he or she marry?" My correspondent means, of course, "Would he or she be justified in marrying?" Well, the subject is not altogether suitable for discussion in these notes. Even if it were, I would not take upon myself the responsibility of giving a reply. I have, however, shown the letter to a medical friend, who tells me that the answer entirely depends upon the individual. I'm afraid that is the best I can do. Here is the second question: "What is the meaning of 'upwards of one hundred pounds'?" Does it mean less or more than one hundred?" Really, this is not worth betting about. "Upwards" means "towards a higher place," and "upwards of" means "more than" or "above." This knotty point may now be regarded as definitely settled. My correspondent, I note, is an officer in the Army. He tells me that violent arguments take place nightly about this matter. It is comforting to reflect that I have been the means of saving much bloodshed. If a mere pen is mightier than the sword, estimate the combined power of a typewriter and a dictionary.

Votes Before Babies.

Miss Florence Bright, one of the many imprisoned Suffragettes, has written for a daily paper a very lively account of her experiences. From her point of view, however, this incident would have been better suppressed: "I catch sight between the angles of the two buildings of another procession of women. A few of them carry huge, rolled-up bundles—obviously babies. A faint sigh behind me and a 'Ah! but I do wish I could borrow one of them babies!' comes from my neighbour, who for one second has managed to evade the warder's eyes. I contrive to whisper a sympathetic rejoinder, and recognise her as one of the North-country delegates. I learn later she has left a young family in their grandmother's care, and is pining after them, poor creature." It is all very well to write "poor creature," but whose fault was it that that ignorant mother, who could not, apparently, even talk the King's English, left her babes in the North that she might dabble in the mire of London, shriek for something that she could hardly define, and eventually come to her senses in the exercise-yard of a prison? Let Miss Bright and the other women of education who are leading this pathetic riot ask themselves the question. What may be fun to them is serious enough for that poor creature from the North of England.

PLANTS THAT EAT RATS AND FLIES.



1. AN INSECT-EATING PLANT, WITH ITS LEAVES COVERED WITH DEAD FLIES.

2. A PITCHER-PLANT DEVOURING A RAT, WHICH IT HAS PREVIOUSLY MADE UNCONSCIOUS.

A collection of insect-eating plants has been installed in the Vivarium of the University of Pennsylvania. Our second photograph shows a rat caught by the pitcher-plant, and (at the back of the rat's head, between the ears) the sharp spike used by that plant to prick the back of any creature that comes to drink from the pitcher that gives it its name. In shape, this spike resembles the fang of the rattlesnake, and it is believed that the liquid contained in the pitchers of the plants stupefies any animal that drinks of it, allowing the plant to digest the remains at leisure.

Photographs by the P-J Press Bureau.

THE INVENTOR OF MAGIC-LANTERN SCENERY.



MISS LOIE FULLER, WHO HAS DEVISED A NEW FORM OF STAGE SETTING.

Miss Loie Fuller, the famous "serpentine" dancer, who was patronised by the Queen when her Majesty was last in Paris with the King, has invented a setting that, it is argued, might well do away with painted scenery. At the back of the stage is hung a thick white curtain; in the front, just behind the footlights, is a curtain of thin white gauze. Pictures are thrown by magic-lantern through this gauze and on to the white back-cloth, and in the scenes thus created the dancer and her figurantes move. The result is said to be admirable.

A KIMONO PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. THAW;
AND MISS MAY MACKENZIE.



1, 3, and 5. MISS MAY MACKENZIE, MRS. THAW'S GREAT FRIEND, WHO WAS ALLEGED TO HAVE SUPPLIED THE BRAINS OF THE DEFENCE.
2. MRS. HARRY K. THAW IN THE KIMONO MENTIONED SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE TRIAL. 4. MRS. THAW IN A "LOW-NECKED" DRESS.

Mrs. Thaw's courageous determination to aid her husband's cause has won her many adherents. Witness such incidents as the American commercial travellers' penny fund for a medal to be presented to her as a mark of their appreciation of her defence of her husband, and the boxer, J. L. Sullivan's, statement: "Mrs. Thaw has shown the greatest exhibition of love the world ever knew. I feel like rushing out of my corner and fighting a round or two with Jerome for her." Miss May Mackenzie, whose name has figured in the evidence on several occasions, has been Mrs. Thaw's constant companion since the shooting of Mr. Stanford White, and it was even alleged that she had supplied the brains of the defence, and coached Mrs. Thaw to give her evidence as she did. Miss Mackenzie is a former chorus-girl.

Four Photographs supplied by the Tella Camera Company; one by Topical.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
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SIX LITTLE PANTOMIME BOYS :

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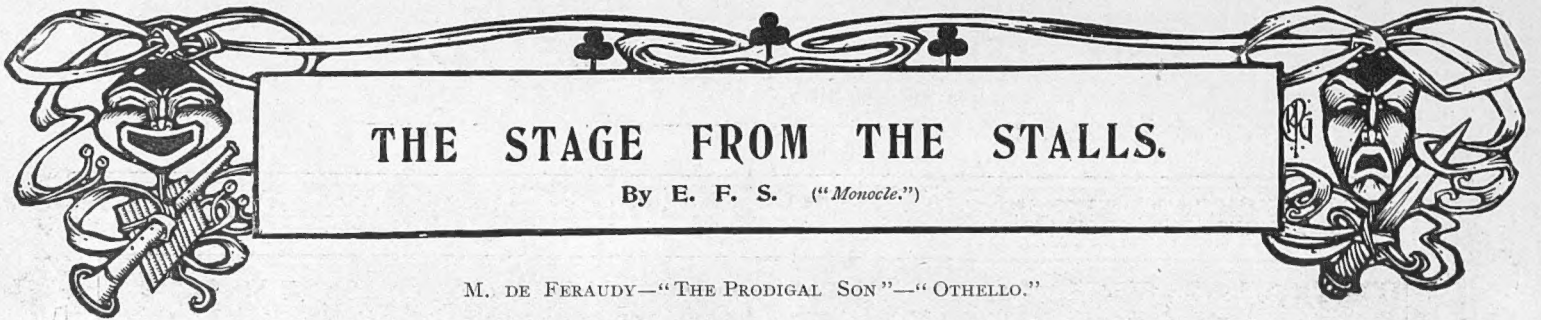


1. THE "BOYS" IN THEIR PANTOMIME COSTUME.

2. EFFECTING A TRANSFORMATION.

In the top photograph (reading from left to right) are the Misses Mabel Seymour, Maud Millais, Dorothy Monkman, Phyllis Gibbons, Stella De Marny, and Barbara Roberts.

Photographs by Bassano.



By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

M. DE FÉRAUDY—"THE PRODIGAL SON"—"OTHELLO."

PERHAPS the greatest individual success of M. Gaston Mayer's delightful season at the New Royalty has been that of M. de Féraudy, during last week the star of the enterprise. To an English audience M. Octave Mirbeau's play "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," in which the actor presented himself, is peculiarly interesting, since as "Business is Business" we had an English version by Mr. Sidney Grundy not long ago, with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the chief part. By-the-bye, a version was prepared by Mr. Robert Hichens; I wish it had been produced; for the relation of Mr. Hichens, one of the ablest English novelists, to our stage is quite curious. He has been part-author of three works—"The Medicine Man," "The Daughters of Babylon," and "Becky Sharp," then clearly he is anxious for success as a dramatist; and in none of the pieces is there any trace of his fine quality. M. Mirbeau, like most of the modern French dramatists, seems to find novel-writing, play-writing, and even journalism equally easy. I do not propose to compare the flamboyant Isidore of Mr. Tree with M. de Féraudy's quieter treatment of the part; it is enough to say that the French actor presents a very keen, vivid study of the financier, and that the whole work has a gripping force on account of its simplicity and directness which were lacking at His Majesty's. Certainly M. de Féraudy, in this work, and in a curious play by Lemaître called "L'Age Difficile," has greatly distinguished himself.

By the revival of "The Prodigal Son," after that of "The Bondman," the Adelphi seems to show a determination to return to melodrama, so long its staple commodity, and this is not wholly to be regretted. We may grumble when pretentious plays prove to be melodrama, and yet admit that works like "The Silver King" or "Secret Service" justify their existence and popularity. Indeed, it would be a good thing if some of our young dramatists, like their predecessors, could learn the

technique of their art, first, by seeing their one-act plays upon the boards, and then by struggling with the difficult laws and conventions of melodrama. For it is a great gain to the dramatist, as well as to the composer, to study and learn the conventional rules, many of which he will break when he is writing works of an ambitious character. We often see that clever comedies hang fire at important moments because the authors unwittingly have violated laws of construction that can only be broken under extraordinary circumstances. No doubt Mr. Hall Caine and his fervent admirers repudiate the view that such pieces as "The Bondman" and "The Prodigal Son," and his other contributions

characters do or abstain from important acts for the convenience of the author, his play, and its situations, and their conduct in so doing or abstaining is unnatural, one cannot put the piece into a higher category. Oscar becomes rich as a composer obviously not merely by one single stroke. Does he, as soon as he has more than enough for his personal needs, begin sending money to those whom he has ruined? Of course not: he waits till their calamities are at the highest pitch, and then comes forward, leaving them, in the meantime, to suffer cruelly from poverty. How can this be defended?

Fortunately for the theatre, Adelphi audiences are accustomed to this kind of thing, and they take "The Prodigal Son" quite seriously, and delight in it. Let it be added that many beneficial changes have been made in the work. The present company is hardly so good as the original, but it possesses Mr. Frank Cooper, quite an ideal Magnus; and Miss Lily Hall Caine, who presents Thora and Elin admirably; whilst Messrs. Henry Neville and Austin Melford, fortunately, are still in the cast; and Mr. Walter Hampden, the new Oscar, played some scenes excellently.

Mr. Oscar Asche was certain sooner or later to play Othello, and at the Kennington Theatre he has been making his appearance in the part. It may be said at once that he plays it extremely well. His fine physique is very much in his favour to begin with; and he has no qualms, as have some actors, about the Moor's blackness. He is quite frankly and unmistakably black, and the pictorial effect was quite good. There is not in him that frank and open simplicity in the earlier passages of the play which one hopes for in the ideal Othello; but he is dignified and impressive, and there can be no praise too great for the clearness of his diction. The dawning of suspicion is very effectively portrayed, and he carried through the violent passages with Iago and Desdemona with a fine vigour which



TO PLAY PRUDENCE RUNDLE IN "MR. SHERIDAN": MISS PAMELA GAYTHORNE.

Miss Gaythorne is here shown in her costume as Fiancee in Mr. Bourchier's production of "Macbeth." She has also been understudying Miss Alexandra Carlisle in "The Morals of Marcus," and twice last week she played Carlotta. She toured in "The Walls of Jericho" as Lady Lucy Derenham.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



THE AUTHOR OF "MR. SHERIDAN": MISS GLADYS UNGER, WHOSE LONG-DELAYED PLAY IS DUE AT THE GARRICK TO-NIGHT.

Photograph by Bassano.

to the stage belong to melodrama, and defy us to formulate a definition of melodrama that will include them and also the very crude blood-and-thunder plays generally put into the category. Definitions are dangerous. It is enough to say that when the

passages with Iago and Desdemona with a fine vigour which thrilled the house. Mr. Asche too often left the impression that his frenzy was forced; but inspired by the finest study of jealousy in literature, his voice had the ring of real passion throughout. The play as a whole was quite admirably presented. Miss Lily Brayton's Desdemona was remarkable in its sweetness and quiet pathos, and the scene of lamentation in the fourth act, when she seemed overwhelmed by the great insult, was played with real and moving beauty. Mr. Alfred Brydone's Iago has not the intellectual devilishness of Mr. H. B. Irving's brilliant rendering of the part, but it is straightforward, intelligent, and singularly free from exaggeration.

Mr. H. R. Hignett plays his great scene of intoxication and repentance quite finely. There will be more to be said about this "Othello" when, in due course, it comes to town; and in the meantime it ought to prove a great success.



WRITER OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF "LA BELLE MARSEILLAISE": MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT CONSPIRACY."

Photograph by Bassano.

THE NEW OTHELLO.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Mr. Asche presented "Othello" at the Kennington Theatre on Thursday last. Miss Lily Brayton was the Desdemona; Mr. Alfred Brydone the Iago.

Photographs by Rita Martin.

SMALL TALK



KNIGHTED AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT: SIR CHARLES W. MATHEWS, LEADER OF THE CRIMINAL BAR.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Central Criminal Court and the members of his calling, with whom he is so frequently brought professionally into conflict. But he is just as well liked by the Judges. A few years ago, after Mr. Mathews had been incapacitated by influenza, who should come trotting up on New Year's Day but the then Sir Henry Hawkins, with a massive silver calendar under his arm. "There you are, my boy—just to remind you that you are to start the New Year with a clean bill of health," said the Judge, as he trotted off to his Court. Sir Charles, whose second name is Willie, is the stepson of Charles Mathews, the great actor of days that have been, and once or twice appeared, as an amateur, on the stage with that illustrious performer. He never had any hankering for the boards, but it was his aptitude at filling a part at a moment's notice with dock briefs that first set him on the way to fortune.

Dainty Realism. Had the election of M. Maurice Donnay to the French Academy come three or four years ago, he could not have regarded it as so eminently a tribute to his genius

NOT less esteemed by the recipient than the distinction itself have been the felicitations which Sir Charles Willie Mathews has received on all hands upon his knighthood. After the bitter personal animosity which the Thaw case has produced between members of the American Bar, it is refreshing to find such hearty good-will obtaining between the Senior Counsel for the Treasury at the

Sober Justice. It was a delightful surprise when the King bade Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, K.C., "Rise, Sir Frederick." The new Knight is not given to jesting, but he appreciated the happy outcome of the King's graceful little plan. The honour has not come untimely, for Sir Frederick

is in his seventieth year, and has progressed by virtue of solid merit and conscientious discharge of

laborious duties. He is distinguished by perfect old-world courtesy. Unlike some other occupants of the Bench, he does not indulge in quips and cranks which minimise the judicial atmosphere of a court of law. "I really think you are the most serious man at the Bar," Lockwood once said to a distinguished colleague. "Have you carefully considered the claims of Bosanquet?" answered the other. Lockwood admitted that he had not—and amended his award.

A Cook's Exhibition.

The Paris cooks are holding an exhibition. Cooking is certainly the oldest, if not the most considered, of the arts. Some persons have declared that it dates back to our good father Adam; but that, surely, is an exaggeration. Adam had no matches in Eden, and the famous apple was certainly eaten raw. Yet there have been great men amongst the cooks; the most famous, probably, was Brillat-Savarin, a real poet of gastronomy. Then was there not Vatel, the pattern of all good chefs? Seeing that the fish was lacking from the feast offered



A BABY CONJURER: BAMBOO FLOWER, DAUGHTER OF CHUNG LING SOO, THE FAMOUS ILLUSIONIST.

Bamboo Flower, despite her years, is already a conjurer and illusionist of some merit, but magisterial regulations prevent her giving public performances. She helps her father, who is now on tour, by presenting the first person who books a seat in the stalls each day for either house with a silver Chinese lucky-penny.

as he is now entitled to do. His "Le Retour de Jérusalem" was a palpable appeal to the anti-Semitic feeling which, in certain circles, was then rampant. Honour, then, might have seemed a reward for playing up to racial hatred. But the art of the man is sound enough. His work is part of a revolt against the brutal realism to which a section of the French stage was devoted for nearly a decade. He can and does paint life, but he does not apotheosise the gross and offensive. He is not the man to sacrifice art so that the final "curtain" may be heralded by wedding-bells; he sometimes sends an audience away with aching hearts. But does not Hardy so serve lovers of

chefs? Seeing that the fish was lacking from the feast offered by his master, Condé, to the fourteenth Louis, he felt himself dishonoured, and fell upon his sword. It would take a good deal more than that, we fear, for the suburban descendant of this lofty soul to take herself off because the dinner was spoilt. There are triumphs of the art at the Paris exhibition—wondrous creations in jelly and sugar and spice. The modern cook has to be an architect as well as a professor in the art of making a sauce. To stick to your sauce is as good a piece of advice to cooks as it is when addressed (in appropriate terms) to the cobbler. It was M. Loubet who uttered the sauce phrase, when addressing an assembly of cooks. He told them to avoid politics, but to apply their talents to sauces. Excellent advice—even for Suffragettes.



THE NEW IMMORTAL: M. MAURICE DONNAY, ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

"Tess"; and did not William Black resist the offer of Swinburne to plead upon his knees for the life of one of the Scotsman's heroines?



A ROYAL BOXER: PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.

Prince Waldemar is fond of putting on the gloves on occasion, and he is the only man who dared oppose the late Tsar, whose habit it was to challenge his male relatives to a stand-up fight daily.

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD ! ♣ ♣



1. WHEN THE ARMS OF THE MILL ARE LIKE THIS AND ARE DECORATED WITH FLAGS, THOSE IN THE DISTRICT KNOW THAT IT IS THE WEDDING-DAY OF THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.
5. IF THE SAILS ARE AS HERE SHOWN, THE VILLAGE CARPENTER KNOWS THAT THE MILLER WANTS HIM.

2. THE SAILS IN THIS POSITION DENOTE THAT A BABY BOY HAS BEEN BORN IN THE MILLER'S FAMILY.
4. A MILLER TURNING THE SAILS OF HIS WINDMILL ON A CALM DAY IN ORDER TO SIGNAL TO HIS NEIGHBOURS.
6. THE SAILS SHOWN IN THE FORM OF A CROSS INDICATE A DEATH IN THE MILLER'S FAMILY.

3. WHILE IF THE LEFT-HAND SAIL IS PULLED DOWN, FURTHER IT MEANS THAT THE BABY IS A GIRL.
7. THE WAY IN WHICH THE SAILS ARE SET WHEN THERE IS THE UNWELCOME NEWS THAT THERE IS NO WORK FOR THE HANDS.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



MOTHER OF A DUKE AND WIFE
OF A NOTABLE STATESMAN: THE
COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

Photograph by Lafayette.

life. Some years later Biarritz was the scene of the first romantic meeting between the late King of Spain and his second wife. The Austrian Archduchess had stipulated that she should meet the King in an informal fashion, and that neither should feel bound till they had had a chance of making each other's acquaintance. A more recent royal association has been the happy courtship of Alfonso XIII. and of the British Princess who is now his Queen.

*The Countess
Grosvenor.*

It is given to few women to be at one and the same time the mother of a Duke and the wife of a notable statesman. This is the pleasant fate which has befallen the lady who is still known as the Countess Grosvenor, but whose precedence, in the Court sense of the word, is simply that of the wife of Mr. George Wyndham. Lady Grosvenor, who bears the unusual Christian name of Sibell, is a sister of Lord Scarbrough; she spent her girlhood at stately Lumley Castle, and she has been fortunate in both her early and later homes, for there are few more beautiful and picturesque places in England than Saighton Towers. Before there arose the craze there now is for gardening, Lady Grosvenor and her young daughters—now Lady Beauchamp and Lady Shaftesbury—devoted much of their time to beautifying the gardens of Saighton Towers.

A Future Emperor. Germany still remembers the extraordinary enthusiasm provoked by the birth of the present Crown Prince. Hundreds of thousands of photographs showing William I. holding his great-grandson in his arms and supported on either side by his stalwart heir, Frederick the Noble, and by the then Prince William, were sold in the Fatherland. It must be admitted that nothing like the same enthusiasm greeted the appearance of William the Second's first grandson; but now the Berliners are getting quite fond of the royal baby.



THE King's stay at Biarritz recalls to all the older inhabitants of that delightful, sunny spot the brilliant days of the Second Empire. The Empress Eugénie was passionately fond of this corner of Southern France, and she was wont to say that the Villa Eugénie, where she spent a portion of each spring, had become to her what Balmoral was to Queen Victoria. When there, the Emperor and herself entertained only their intimate friends, and lived a simple rural

*Dawning
Popularity.*

The best day's work done by the Prince Consort of Holland was his going out to the rescue of the victims of the *Berlin*. It has gained for him the general acclamations of Europe; it has brought him the Grand Cross of the Bath from King Edward, and it has brought him, for the first time since his wedding year, into sympathetic relations with the Dutch nation. He has had a hard row to hoe, and perhaps he is not ideally fitted for the special task. Holland took him, a penniless Prince, with only a terrific lineage as asset. It was not known at the time that in his salad days he had incurred serious pecuniary liabilities, and when it came out that his creditors were forming a syndicate with intent to negotiate some of his bills the wrath of his Consort's subjects was kindled against him.



AWARDED THE G.C.B. FOR GAL-
LANTRY AFTER THE WRECK OF
THE "BERLIN": PRINCE HENRY OF
HOLLAND.



A FINE JUDGE OF BORZOIS: THE DUCHESS
OF NEWCASTLE.

Photograph by Langfiter.

*The Duchess of
Newcastle.*

The Duchess of Newcastle is best known to the wide public interested in sport as one of the best judges of certain breeds of dogs in the world; and, as all lovers of the canine race are aware, her Grace has done not a little to improve the conditions existent at the leading dog shows. She is noted for her knowledge of borzois, the huge Russian hounds of which Queen Alexandra has so fine a kennel; but all dogs have in her a warm friend, and it has been said of her that she might act as judge with regard to some ten breeds of show dogs. The Duchess became the wife of the owner of Clumber when she was only seventeen; she came on both sides of famous sporting stock, for her father was Major "Sugar" Candy, and her mother is a sister of Lord Rossmore.

*A Future Belled
Earl.*

Of important "elder sons," it may be doubted if any one was ever welcomed with such satisfaction and delight—it may perhaps be whispered, with such astonishment—as little Lord Hobart, who made his appearance on this earthly scene eighteen years after his parents' marriage. Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire are immensely popular in the county from which they take their title, and on the birth of their baby son they received quaint and touching congratulations from every part of the county, while an immense number of country folk journeyed from far and near to be present at the christening.



THE KAISER'S GRANDSON: THE SON OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE
AND PRINCESS.



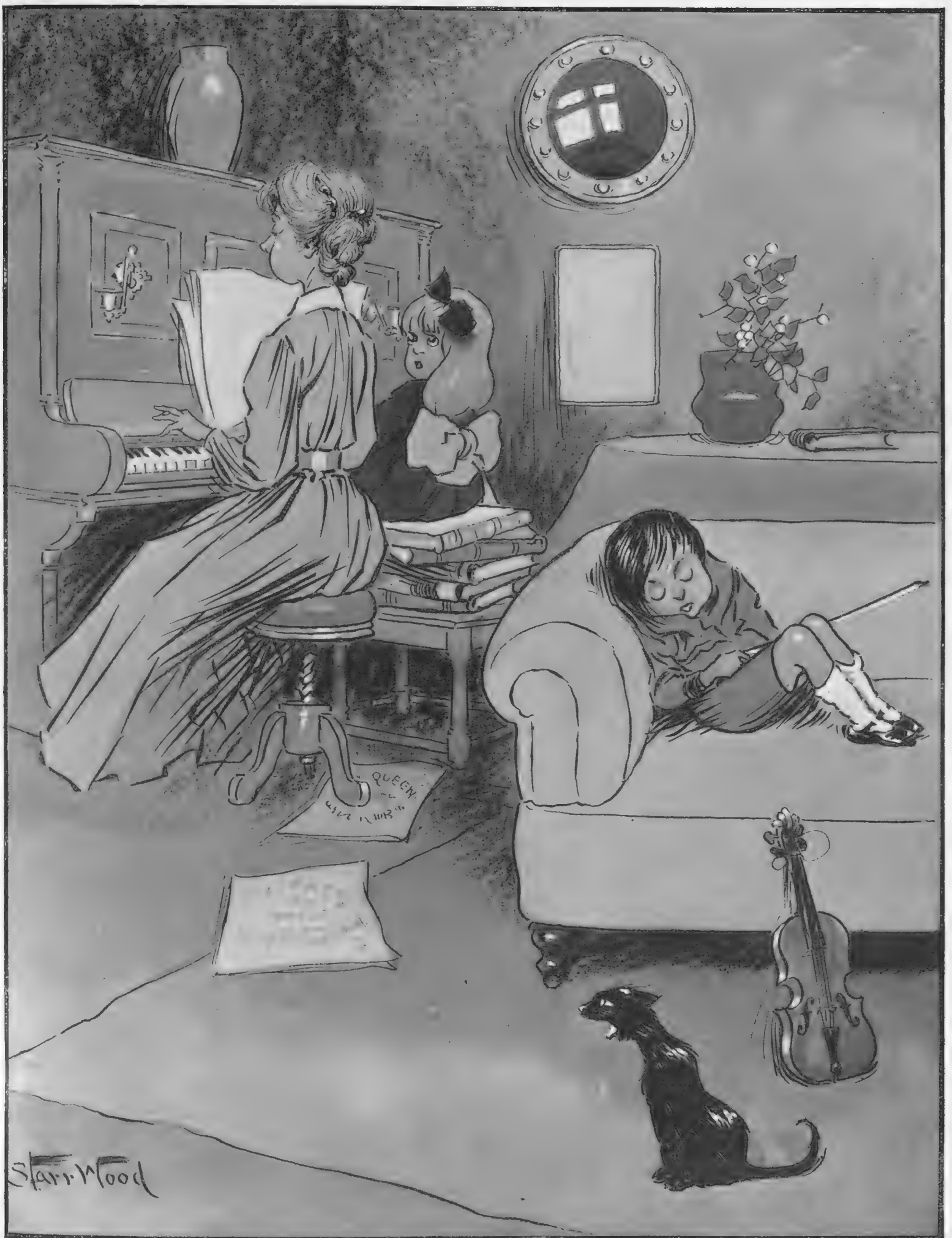
A FUTURE EARL: LORD HOBART, SON OF LORD AND LADY
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Photographs by Rieber and Lizzie Caswall Smith

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WHAT HAD THEY BEEN USED TO?



LITTLE SUSIE (as the cat gives a violin imitation): Willie is playing awfully well to-day, isn't he, Miss Briggs?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THAT all her friends and the playgoing public at large will wish Miss Gladys Unger success with "Mr. Sheridan" this (Wednesday) evening goes without saying, for she has had to wait an unusually long time for her play to be brought out in London after its original successful trial in Brighton by Mr. Bouchier. After that production Miss Unger had a curious experience, which she has invested with a humorous quality. Shortly after the play had been presented a man called at her house. He was a complete stranger to her. He was shabby, and seemed to be labouring under some great distress. What the object of his visit was it was impossible to guess. At length, in answer to a direct question, he confessed that he had seen Miss Unger's play at Brighton, and had hunted out her address in the Directory in order to ask her to pay his passage to America! As Miss Unger has remarked, with a humorous pathos in her voice, she hopes "Mr. Sheridan" will not have the same effect on the people who see it in London. If she complied with their request she would certainly rank as a bankrupt in a very short time.

Miss Nancy Price's appearance in Miss Unger's "Mr. Sheridan" at the Garrick this evening has of necessity removed her from the Playhouse and "Toddlers" and "The Drums of Oude." Giving up her part in the latter play is a matter of especial regret to the popular actress, for it has interested her greatly during the short time she has been playing it. Her partiality for it may owe something to the fact that she is a keen collector of

arms, of which she has some rare specimens. Her feeling may also have been increased because it was not the inevitable "villainess" part with which her name has so often been associated—a type of rôle which she would rather not play, though she has a distinct bias in favour of acting so-called "character" parts. Perhaps, above all things, she would like to be seen as an old woman, for she is one of the few actresses who think it possible that a young woman can afford to appear as an old one on the stage without detriment to her future appearance as a young one, in just the same way as an actress may play an unsympathetic part at one time without fear that she will not be given a sympathetic part in the future.

In this connection, a humorous incident happened when Miss Price was playing Rosa Dartle in "Little Em'ly" at the Adelphi. Her hairdresser informed her one day that he had recently sat next to a man who, after she went off in one scene, said, "Oh, the cat! I wouldn't marry her if she was the last woman in the world." The hairdresser, as he subsequently told Miss Price, hastened to explain that the actress was, to use his own words, "most haffable," and that "it might be the black hair that made the difference." "I told him," he continued, "your own was a sort of gold, and how much better it was getting on since I had the doing of it."

A week or two ago, when Mr. Martin Harvey was acting in Hull, Mrs. Martin Harvey (Miss N. da Silva) went out for a walk

one morning with their pet Skye terriers, which always accompany them on tour. The animals wore comfortable coats, and attracted the attention of two street loungers, whose conversation was decidedly illuminating. "Why, Bill," said the first to the second, "wotever is them dogs? They is a rummy lot." "Anyone knows wot them is," replied the second. "Well, Oi doesn't any'ow," returned the first; "wot breed is they?" "The Breed of the Treshams," in course," exclaimed the second loftily.

The comparatively small size of the stage of the Adelphi necessitates the elimination of one effect in "The Prodigal Son" with which Mr. Frank Cooper will certainly not mind parting. When the play was first produced he had to make his appearance on horseback, following a large flock of sheep. A man was detailed to pen the animals as soon as they were off the stage, so as to prevent them returning. One night, however, he happened to be absent from his post. The sheep made their exit in perfect

order, but, no one being there to pen them, one of them turned round and made its way on to the stage. The rest of the flock followed—like sheep. They ran hither and thither, and eventually got between the legs of the horse and frightened it. The animal plunged about, and leaping one of the low rows of scenery on the stage, made a dash towards the footlights. Luckily, Drury Lane stage is very deep, and Mr. Cooper, if he does not ride like a Lifeguards-

man, is nevertheless a sufficiently good horseman to maintain his composure in the face of a contretemps like that. He managed to pull the horse up before it took a flying leap into the orchestra. The sheep still getting between the horse's legs, it fell on the stage and rolled over Mr. Cooper. It was an accident which might have had a far more serious ending, for it might have deprived the stage of one of the finest actors on it at the present time. As it was, Mr. Cooper's shin was so badly hurt that it had to be dressed every day during the rest of the run of the play at Drury Lane, and he will carry the scar during the run of the revival at the Adelphi.

While it is generally said that Mr. Seymour Hicks has made a star of Miss Marie Studholme, Mr. Hicks himself repudiates the idea. "It is the public who make a star, and nobody can stop them," is his concise way of putting the matter. "If you ask them why they select that particular individual for their favour, they never answer in words, they only pay their money." In Mr. Hicks's opinion, and it is an opinion verified by investigation, Miss Studholme is in the provinces one of the most attractive of all actresses, if not, indeed, the most attractive, for the company of which she is a member has always played to enormous receipts. The reason why she has not achieved a similar position in London is, according to Mr. Hicks, that she has never had an opportunity of playing a good original part.



Mr. Walter Payne.

Mr. Arthur Roberts.

Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P. Ald. I. Mitchell.

THE END OF THE MUSIC-HALL WAR: THE MEN WHO ARRANGED THE PEACE.

The gentlemen shown are (reading from left to right): Mr. Walter Payne, Counsel for the Entertainments Protection Society; Mr. Henry Tozer, Chairman of the Syndicate Halls; Mr. Oswald Stoll, Managing Director of the Moss and Stoll Companies; Mr. Henri Gros, Managing Director of the Metropolitan and other halls; Mr. Arthur Roberts, the famous comedian; Mr. Edmund Browne, L.C.C., Standing Counsel to the Trades Union Congress; Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P., Secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress; and Alderman I. Mitchell, L.C.C., Secretary to the General Federation of Trades Unions. Mr. Wal Pink, the well-known comedian, is standing behind Mr. Mitchell. Mr. George R. Askwith, Arbitrator to the Board of Trade, was appointed arbitrator between the parties in the "War" some time ago.—[Photograph by Hana.]

Smiles in Seven Stages.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



V.—THE SMILE OF BOREDOM.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ARE living writers too kindly treated by their reviewers, and recently dead ones by their biographers? Perhaps the tendency to make the best of mediocrities is discernible; it is a department of politeness. But where great talent, still more where genius is in question, praise is perversely shy. Great authors have usually to qualify for their laurels by the quite undistinguished act of death.

A writer in the *Athenæum* who complains of the too great unktion of the biographer of T. E. Brown is a little over-nice in his examination of the terms applied to the author of "Betsy Lee," of the "Fo'c'sle Yarns," and of lyrics as lovely almost as any written in the last half of the nineteenth century. Never was there a time when Wordsworth's saying that "we live by admiration" was truer; and the admiration we give to the cricketer and the footballer is not marked by moderation. The author may surely be accorded a share in the exuberance of praise which was once the preacher's and the artist's, but is theirs no longer.

The dire injustices done to Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge made the great reaction by which more recent poets have most righteously profited. Some passages of the incapable criticism of nearly a century ago are familiar enough; and here is a notable addition to their number. It is taken from a monthly magazine of no mean literary pretension, published in 1815, and containing a review of the two volumes of Words-

worth's poetry issued in that year. After pouring cold "ink on the more imaginative poetry, the reviewer quotes largely from "The White Doe of Rylstone," as more within the author's powers. "This poem," he says, "will be read not without pleasure, and we trust that the author will never choose a loftier subject for the exercise of his muse. If he would but consent to abandon slovenly metre, and addict himself to good plain prose, his unceasing benevolence and his turn of thought—always so moral and religious—might render him a highly respectable Essayist." After that, has one any heart to complain that Tennyson and Swinburne have had a good deal of contemporary praise that posterity may not repeat as its own?

Sir William Butler, always a devout Irishman, this year helps his country to keep St. Patrick's Day by an inspiring "Foreword" he contributes to "The Rhymed Life of St. Patrick," written by Katharine Tynan Hinkson. There is a description, in Sir William Butler's best manner, of the Irish hand in the making of America. This salute to the national saint is an old story with Sir William, whose eldest daughter (now Mrs. Kingscote) is named Patricia, and his eldest son Patrick. Lieutenant Patrick Butler is now on service in India; but he, too, wields pen as well as sword, and an article of his, signed with initials only, amused and informed the readers of *Blackwood* a month or two ago.

"Beside Still Waters" is the soothing title chosen by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson for his forthcoming volume—an

imaginary mystical biography. This is a class of book which, while being fictitious, has assumed of late a realism that deceives the very elect. Some people believe even now that the Englishwoman of the Love Letters has, or had, a local habitation and a name that was not Housman; while the "Life of Walshe," by Montgomery Carmichael, was so generally taken to be true as to give the publisher a scruple till the word "romance" was woven into the title.

One day, a visitor to Cardinal Vaughan found him bending over this book, his tears falling upon its pages. The sight was affecting to the visitor, for the Cardinal was not often a man of visible emotions. "This Walshe should be canonised," exclaimed he; "and I blame myself that I did not hear of him and his people, who seem to have been in Manchester when I was Bishop of Salford." The visitor explained. "The book is fiction," he said. "Do you mean to tell me it is a forgery?" asked the Cardinal, in a tone that retracted all the feeling he had lavished on it. The "Yes" he had

in reply decided him to close the book forever. The problem raised is a nice one, and it is at the heart of all literature. The child of a man's brain is as truly his as the child of his body; and I am not sure that we do not count truer and even more helpful friends in Messrs. Routledge's "Who's Who in Fiction" than in the actual "Who's Who" of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Four hundred illustrations are to add vitality to the ever-vital pages of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," in a new

edition to be issued in twelve parts by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. The editorship of Mr. Roger Ingpen secures for this new edition a scholarship not always associated with popularity. He has done fine work in connection with literature in the first half of the last century; and, as "reader" and adviser to publishers, has earned the gratitude of authors for suggestions that have led to the correction and enrichment of their text.

Mr. Stuart Reid, who has joined the firm of Messrs. Duckworth, is one of the several author-publishers whose existence illustrates the brotherhood between those who write books and those who send them forth to the public. Mr. Reid, whose *Life of Lord Durham* is still in the hands of readers, is a brother of the late Sir Wemyss Reid, who wrote *Forster's Life*, and was himself connected with a great publishing house—Cassell's. Mr. John Murray's literary taste is well known, and Mr. Heinemann has written two plays. Mr. George Meredith's son is a partner in one of the leading publishing firms, and quite able to write books on his own account; while Mr. Duckworth, whom Mr. Reid has joined, is a stepson of Mr. Leslie Stephen.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn may be said to have added a new word to domestic intercourse. At the end of a dinner with two other married men, he proposed that they should rejoin their respective spouse. If mouse takes mice in the plural, why should spouse not take spice?

M. E.



[DRAWN BY CHARLES INCE.]

THE PUN TERRIBLE.

THE TALKATIVE MAN (pointing to the patent door-handle): Ha! What's this for? To strike matches on?
HIS VICTIM: No; but it'll help you to a-light.

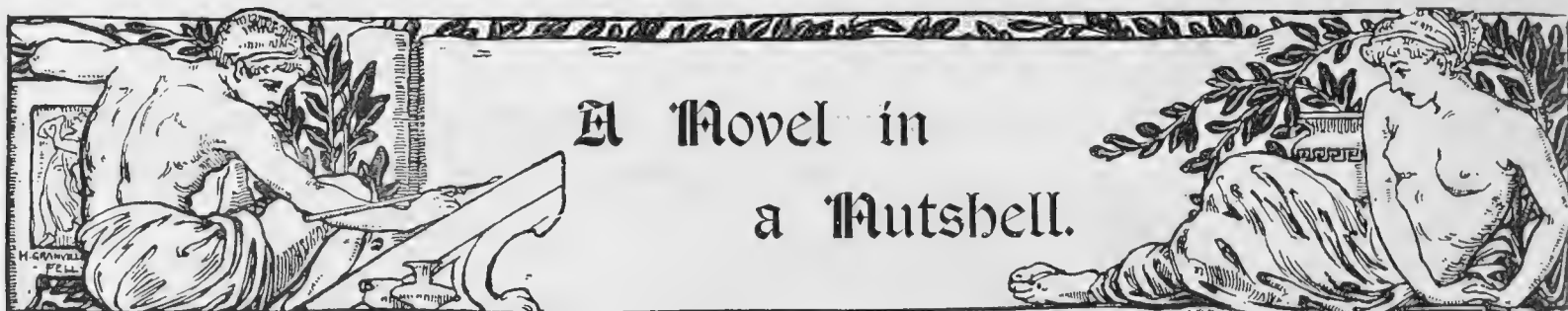
CHORLCOMBE - BY - CHALVEY INTELLIGENCE.



THE GUARD: Are you first class?

FARMER JOHN: Yes, thankee. 'Ow's yerself?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE GRAVEYARD.

BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER,

Author of "The Sacrifice," "The Taskmaster," "Seth of the Cross."

THERE were three girls and two men sitting round the fire in the library. The married men of the house-party were in the morning-room playing bridge, and the married women were gathered in the drawing-room, reading or engaged in the matronly occupation of sewing. Someone was playing on the piano Grieg's "Peer Gynt," and the echoes of it came to the library, where the three girls and the two men were sitting with the lights turned down, because Christina had said that it was such fun to see the firelight making distorted shadows of the chairs and tables on the wall. One of the men, Harlesden, stretched his arms above his head (they became giant arms of Shadowland, reaching to the ceiling) and yawned.

"Afraid we're borin' you, Dickie," said Christina. They were cousins, and, taking advantage of the relationship, she censored his manners at every opportunity. "Don't you know, Dickie, it's very rude to yawn in the company of ladies?" She shook her finger in admonition—the firelight transferred it to the wall and magnified it into a Cleopatra's needle.

"Oh, don't tease him, Tina," said Beatrix. "Let him yawn. It's simply heavenly sitting like this in front of the fire and saying nothing, and listening to the creepy-crawly music. Doesn't 'Peer Gynt' suggest graveyards and family vaults to you?"

"B-r-r-r!" said the other man. "I wish to goodness she'd change the tune and give us something lively from 'The Belle of New York.'"

The conversation drifted on, until the subject of Harlesden's yawning was forgotten, and then came silence again, while everyone in the room looked dreamily at the logs putting out their gleaming red and blue tongues and crackling in laughter, as though they were inhabited by mischievous sprites. Suddenly Peggy, the third girl, spoke from out the shadows of the big arm-chair in which she had almost buried herself.

"Do you believe it was true?" she said absently.

"What was true?" they asked in return.

"Why, that about churchyards—you remember Tina said it. That if you crossed the graveyard at night and picked flowers from a grave a hand would spring out of the grave over which you walked and seize you. Do you believe it was true?"

"I know that in most West Country villages," said Christina. "there's a superstition to that effect. You wouldn't get any villager to walk through the churchyard and pluck flowers from a grave after sunset."

"I think I have heard of the same superstition in Germany," said the man next to Harlesden. "There the peasants believe that ghouls sit on the tombstones when dark sets in."

"I wouldn't go through a churchyard in darkness," said Beatrix positively. "Ghouls or no ghouls, I shouldn't like the idea."

"No more would I," said Christina.

Peggy raised her face so that it was lit up by the fire-glow. It was a dark, oval face—the nose short and pugnacious, the lips masculine in firmness and feminine in their red colour and outline, the chin smooth and strong.

"Would you go, Dickie?" she asked.

"Would if I had to," he replied promptly. "Otherwise—er—I wouldn't."

"Would you?" she asked, turning to the other man.

He laughed, and moved uneasily. "I've been a sailor, you know," he said, "and when you've been under the stars and moon at sea you get all sorts of silly superstitions into your head. Frankly, I wouldn't go."

There was an awkward silence for a moment, as Peggy gave a short laugh, which the others thought was unkindly done. Christina, with her gentleness, came to the rescue.

"Didn't you save three men from drowning once, Mr. Vallance?" she asked quietly. "You got the Royal Humane Society's medal, didn't you, for it?"

"Oh, that happened a long time ago," he answered.

"I see," replied Christina.

Peggy began again. "I'm not afraid of graves or ghosts," she announced. "I'll just show you, you people are all cowards."

"What are you going to do, Peggy?" asked Beatrix nervously.

Peggy rose to her feet, and laughed. "I'm going to bring you back a flower from the churchyard—I'll bring you back a bouquet of flowers!"

"Peggy, don't be foolish," said Christina.

"Tell her to be quiet, Tina," said Beatrix.

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Peggy, and looking at Mr. Vallance with eyes that had challenge in them. "Come, choose your graves. Would you like the rose from Peter the Miser's last resting-place? His grand-daughter placed some new ones there yesterday."

"I shouldn't go if I were you," said Vallance quietly and gently.

"You said that once before," retorted Peggy. Why was she cruel to him, thought Vallance, when she must have remembered that evening when they had talked of each other's lives?

"Oh," said Peggy, "think of me in half-an-hour's time, stalking through the churchyard," she walked mincingly across the room, "like this—and bending over the graves, and plucking roses and periwinkles and geraniums. Well, you'll see me back in less than an hour." She waved her hand airily and left the room.

"Peggy is too bad. I'll go and stop her," said Beatrix.

"She'll catch her death of cold. Will you fetch her back, Mr. Vallance?" said Christina.

"No," said Vallance savagely, and then—"I beg your pardon, no."

"Peggy's all right," said Dick, with a yawn. "Jolly plucky girl. I'd be too lazy to do the job, and I don't like graveyards."

On the piano in the drawing-room someone crashed out a mad tune from "The Belle of New York."

CHAPTER II.

Peggy had run half-way down the lonely village road, in the rain-swept darkness, before she realised what a mad, unnecessary thing she was doing. She could feel her cheeks burning and tingling, refusing to be cooled even by the cold rain that beat upon her face, tingling because—well, Peggy would not have admitted this to herself: that she was angry with Vallance because he had shown himself to be such a coward.

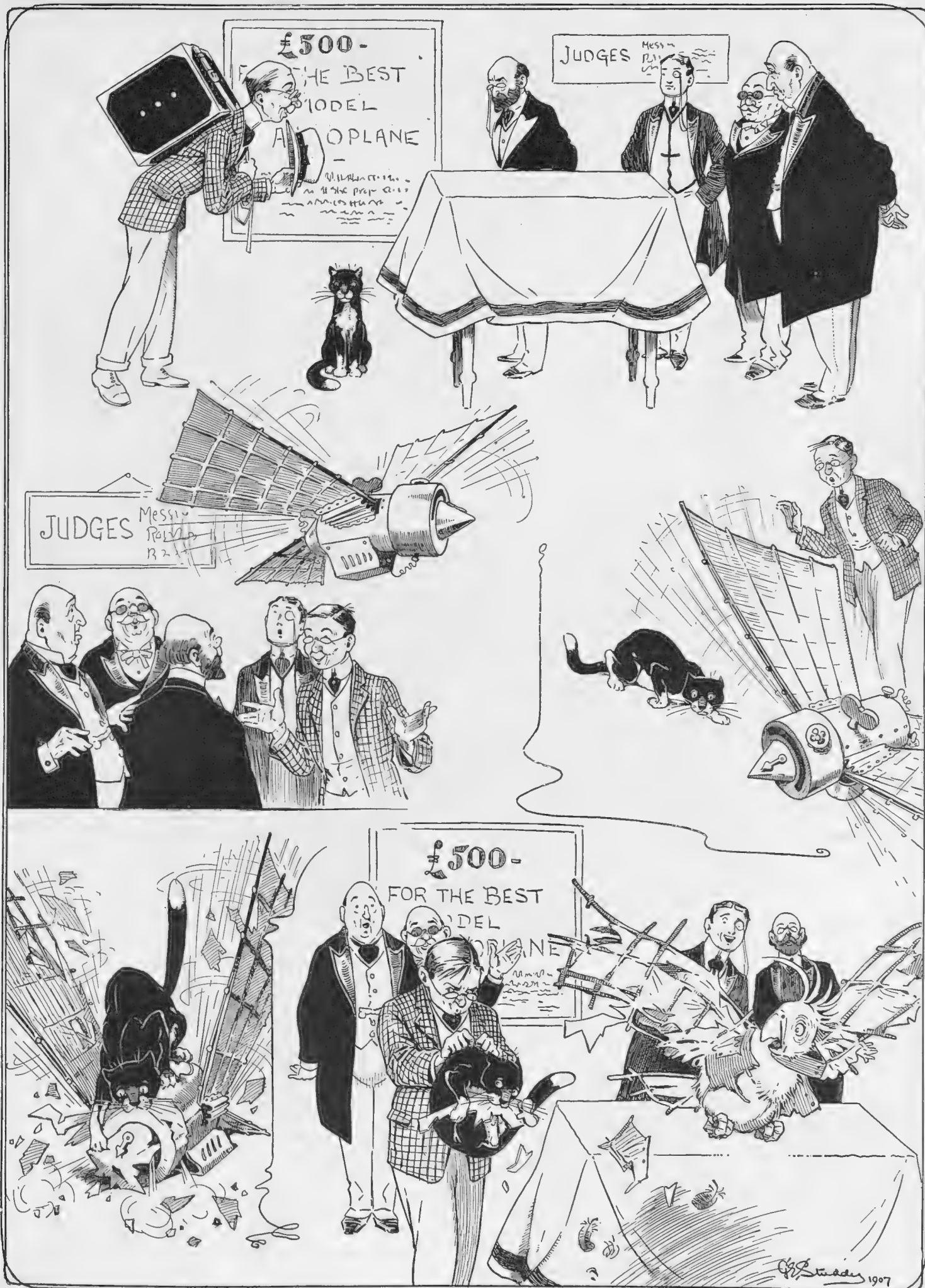
The road was empty, and the silence was broken only by the sigh of the trees, as the branches bowed to the wind and the rain. She ran on, urged by the spirit of adventure and daring which she inherited from her forefathers. Even as a schoolgirl Peggy had scaled perilous walls in search of forbidden fruit on the other side, and had climbed trees, swinging from branch to branch as recklessly as any boy. And now, just over twenty, the same love of daring inspired her, though, thought she, there was nothing very daring in what she was about to do now, for the churchyard held no terrors for those who were not superstitious.

She came to the old lych-gate of the ancient churchyard and paused. Through the gate she could see, as in a frame, the picture of the square-towered church, rising gloomily out of the darkness, and looking grey and awesome in the chill light of the moon, which gleamed mistily through the gauzy rain-clouds. All around it, wrapped in sempiternal silence, were the graves of those who were dead, in crooked rows, as if the tombstones had grown out of the ground in the fashion it pleased them best. Some of them reflected the white glamour of the moon—they were the newly erected tombstones; others were dark and full of desolate shadows. The latch on the lych-gate answered her touch with a noisy click, and the next moment she

[Continued overleaf.]

THE "PRETTY POLL" FLYING-MACHINE:

THE BROTHERS WRONG'S GREAT INVENTION.



THE AEROPLANE THAT DID NOT TAKE A PRIZE: A CATASTROPHE THAT NEEDS NO WORDS.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

was at the skirts of the graveyard. She smiled to herself, and told herself there was nothing to fear. Nobody could do her harm, for death was death, and the only people who were in the graveyard were locked fast under the earth by the heavy stones above them. The wind sped with a whimper along the alleys made by the tombstones, as if it were the voice of the souls of those who could not enter heaven, and were forced to ride the earth on the shoulders of the storming wind. She tried not to listen to it, but it screamed in her ears, and then rushed away to a lonely part of the graveyard, and yammered among the shivering poplars like an outcast beaten dog. Peggy walked along the slushy gravel, her feet crunching the ground. The noise she made in walking was the only sound in the graveyard that belonged to herself, and it comforted her. She stopped to read an inscription on a moonlit tombstone bordering the walk: "Here lieth ye body of Thomas Frazer, born February 9th, 1789; died June 11th, 1856; aged 67 years. And his wife, Angela Maria Frazer, born May 21st, 1786, died November 1st, 1870. And in death they were not divided." The winds and the rains of Time had eaten into the stone, and the letters were almost undecipherable, yet she spent some time in figuring out the inscription. As for the motto, there was only: "And n . ca . h they ived . d." But it was easy to guess the thought that the graver had in his mind—a thought that he had carved, possibly, in his century, hundreds of times, just as his descendants are carving to-day, and may carve to-morrow, for us.

Peggy moved on. She was about to step on the grass, when something wet and clammy struck her face and whirled away again with a flapping of black wings and a croaking, raucous cry. It was only some night-bird, probably more startled than Peggy at the encounter; but for the first time her heart pumped quickly and drew the blood from her face, and left her tingling and trembling. Then she realised that she was being stupid and allowing her nerves the mastery. She reassured herself, saying it was a night-bird whose wings were wetted with the rain. However, she stepped back from the grass and followed the path until she came to the willows that bowed their dishevelled heads, and wept over the mounds of earth that were in their shadows. In this part of the churchyard, were the sad graves of children—poor babes of the parish, sad graves, nameless in many cases, since the little people had no name of the earth and only flitted for a brief moment down from heaven and then flew back again; little mounds, over which the grass grew tidily; but over which no flowers were placed.

So Peggy moved on, and, gaining courage, strode across the grass, taking care to avoid stepping on the children's graves, and reached a splendid grave, from which the scent of flowers rose in the air. She smiled to herself, bent down, and picked a flower—a geranium, and then another. Her nerves

were all right now, she told herself, and in half an hour she would be back again in the warm library, telling them all of the adventure. She sought for Peter the Miser's grave. She had promised to bring a flower back from Peter's grave. It meant passing through avenues of cold, grey stones, until she grew weary of the monotonous repetitions of texts and the stock mottoes of the stonemasons. She found Peter's grave at last. A low railing enclosed it, and kept people at a respectful distance from the flat slab that was sunk in the earth, telling them of Peter's virtues, chiefly and especially (according to his dying wish, for he was a pagan, and gold was his idol) that he died worth "one thousand pounds sterling." There were flowers at the foot of the railings, placed there by his granddaughter, and Peggy bent down and gathered a handful. She laughed to herself and turned to go. Her task was done.

And then—the hot blood within her seemed to turn to ice, and her heart, she thought, stopped beating for one swift moment, only to race away again until it thudded within her breast and set her temples throbbing like the beat of a thousand clocks. *For something clutched her skirt and jerked her back.* She looked about her doggedly, with eyes that saw only white tombstones. They seemed to change suddenly into pallid faces, the carving on them marking the eyes and nose and mouth—faces with a fixed, horrible grin upon them, mocking at her in her terror.

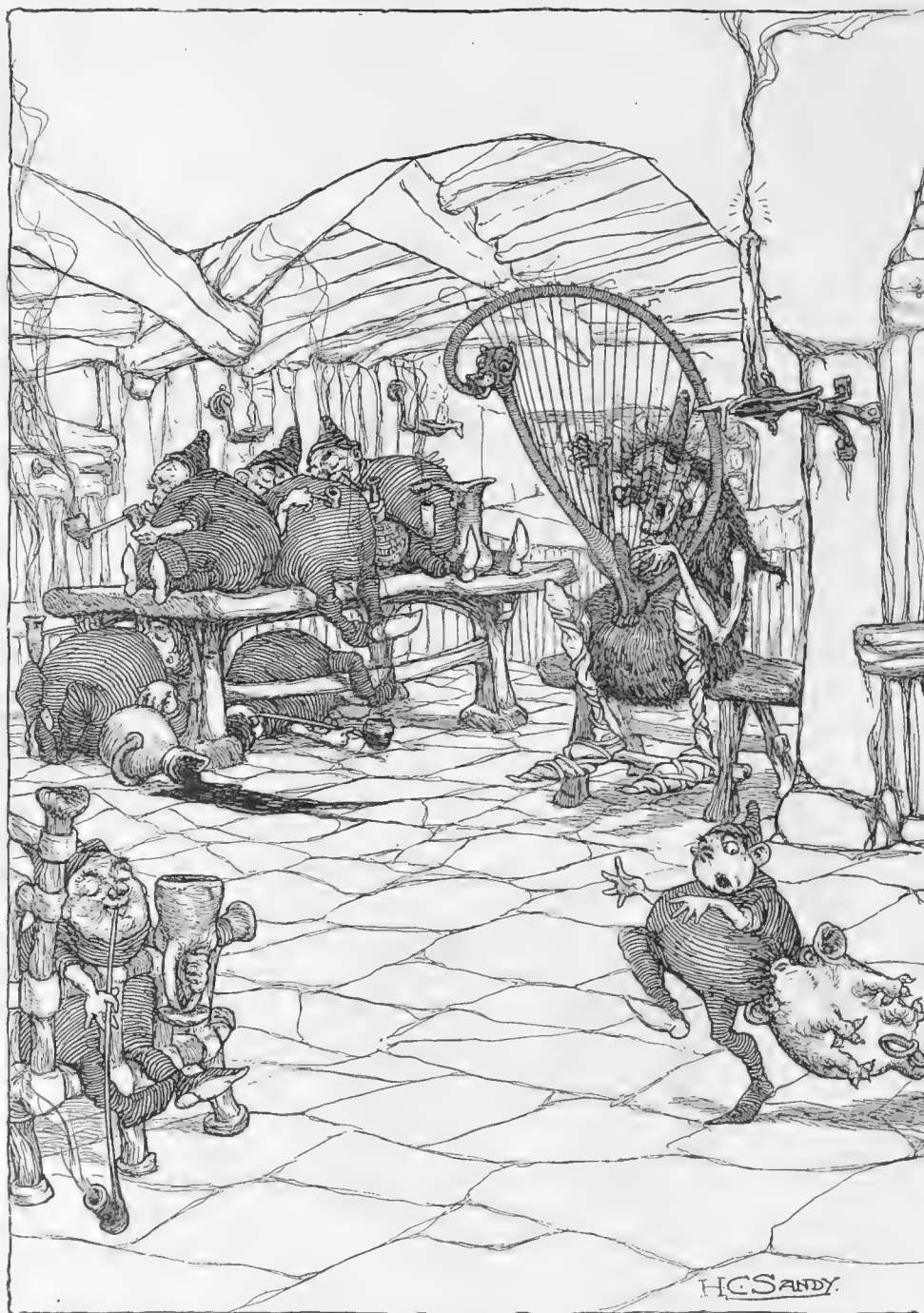
She tried to move away from the grave of Peter the Miser, and it seemed to her that she was being gently, persuasively pulled back again. She opened her lips wide. Her soul screamed within her, but no sound came from her lips—

they were parched with fear. She saw gross, black spiders, bloated and loathsome, crawling lazily up and down a tombstone near at hand, and a bird with a wet wing went screeching and flapping by her head.

She tried once more to move, and in her imagination she could picture the clutch of fleshless fingers upon her skirt, and the skinny arm of Peter cleaving the earth, to hold her and to fulfil the superstition. The wind leapt about her and the rain swept about her face. All the fear and horror within her surged to her lips in a long, thrilling shriek, and she fell face forwards to the wet earth.

When they came with lanterns, an hour later, they found her crooning to herself, and rocking herself to and fro. The flowers she had gathered from the graves were clutched in her hand. Her skirt was found to be caught in the handle of a spade which the sexton had left by Peter's grave. She smiled wanly at them, and babbled to herself when they asked her questions. It was Vallance who lifted her in his arms as tenderly as a mother lifts her babe, and carried her back to the warmth, kissing her hands and making them wet with his tears.

THE END.



A GEM RECUT.

The lay was long, the wine was old,
The minstrel was in fur, and doled
His withered squeak with guessy play

(Seemed to have known no better way).
The Yarp, with bold, retaining joy,
Was carried by an awful boy.

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

SOME years have gone by since there was a Duchess of Rutland, and even now the present bearer of the historic title is more often remembered and thought of by her friends as Lady Granby than as the wearer of a strawberry-leaved coronet. Many people think of duchesses as happy, idle beings, content to lead the life of great Society leaders; but the latest feminine addition to the highest rank of the British nobility is noted, not only in her own country, but

abroad, as a really fine artist, whose work, even as a young girl, attracted the warm commendation of two experts differing as widely in opinion as Ruskin and Watts. As Lady Granby, the Duchess lived much in her studio, and got through a great amount of serious work each year. All the famous men and women of the day have been numbered among her sitters, and, to give but one example, her sketches of the late Cecil Rhodes were early recognised by his friends as by far the best portraits ever achieved of that great Englishman. The Duchess of Rutland is on terms of close intimacy with several members of our royal family, notably with the Duchess of Argyll, with whom she has so many artistic tastes in common,

and with Princess Henry of Battenberg; her young daughters—one of whom has inherited her mother's remarkable artistic talent—are the intimate friends of the Queen of Spain.

Paris. The *femmes cochères*—or is it *cochettes*?—

Cabwomen. add daily to their triumphs in Paris. There are now some half-dozen women qualified to drive Cocotte in the streets of Lutetia. Nor is conquering woman satisfied: she would drive the motor-cab as well. One young woman of twenty-five—*petite, jolie*, and with raven locks—has already passed her examination as *chauffeuse*. Another will doubtless obtain her *permis* in a few days. Feminism, you see, is galloping hard in Paris—at the rate of forty miles an hour. There is blue blood amongst the *cochères*. It is represented by Madame Lutgen who, in a former married existence, was a real Countess, if you please. They call her *la Comtesse* when she drives out behind a smart little horse, which she holds like a real “whip.” She is certainly a very pleasing object on the box-seat of the cab—ten times more picturesque than the male *cocher*, who is generally over-fed, and whose language is likewise too rich. One wonders what the lady drivers will say when the fare is ungallant enough to give no *pourboire*. Will she try and worm it out of him with a

sweet and feminine smile, or will she shriek after him in her topmost notes, “Oh, you nasty thing!”—in French, of course—or even worse. But no, it is not possible. The *femme cochère*, whatever the temperature and whatever the state of her nerves, will always be polite.

Lady Clifton Robinson.

Among the most notable presentations at the first Court was that of Lady Clifton Robinson, the beautiful Irish wife of the great engineer who has earned in two hemispheres the nickname of “the Tramway King.” Lady Clifton Robinson possesses, in the matter of dress, all the genius of her nation, and of the many “bullion” frocks worn at the February Courts, her exquisite costume stood out as an admirable example of grace and originality. The gown, of white net, was richly embroidered in silver, each panel being edged and completed with a fairy-like diamond web, from which fell a *diamanté* fringe terminating in gemmed trellis-work. The white tulle bodice, lightly draped with diamond-studded lace, was embroidered with a spray of silver roses; and, most effective touch of all, the cloth-of-silver train was lined with green, and exquisitely embroidered by hand. Lady Clifton Robinson wore a very becoming all-round crown poised on



A NOTABLE PRESENTATION AT THE FIRST COURT:

LADY CLIFTON ROBINSON.

her beautiful hair, and the arrangement of her Court feathers and of the long tulle veil was much admired, for the effect produced by the headdress was one that is seldom achieved—it was both original and becoming.

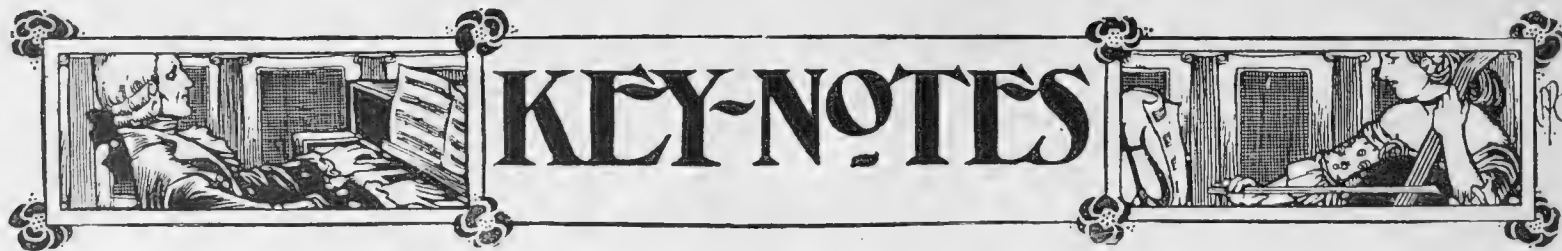


THE ACTOR AND THE L.C.C.: MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER CANVASSING FOR HER HUSBAND. BEFORE THE RECENT ELECTION.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

A Hair of the Dog. The two mysterious, disappearances which have exercised the minds of Londoners bring to recollection an event of four years ago as remarkable as any pictured in fiction. A man living in the Caledonian Road, who had had trouble over a fire at his own premises, witnessed the terrible conflagration in the City where several lives were lost. The tragedy completely unhinged his reason. He wandered, lost and helpless; got to Brighton, sought work there; went from place to place, a stranger in a strange land, as befogged as though the language he spoke were different from that of those about him. At last he strayed back to London. While he was walking about in Peckham, a

fire-engine dashed past him. In an instant memory regained her seat. He remembered his name and address, and went home. The story has been confirmed by one who met the wanderer while he was still lost.



MISS ALICE MANDEVILLE'S afternoon recital at the Bechstein Hall last week was made specially interesting by the singer's choice of songs. Equipped with knowledge of German, French, and Italian, Miss Mandeville can exercise her discretion over a wide field; and as she has a sound method and a very complete devotion to her work, the audience may rely upon an artistic rendering of every song selected. Sometimes the charm of the work chosen may be greater than its value to the singer's voice. Fauré's "Roses d'Ispahan" and "La Fleur Jetée," for example, did not help the singer; nor were we enamoured of certain English songs by Miss Bluebell Klean. But Miss Mandeville sang delightfully some fourteenth and sixteenth century German songs—naïve and delicate fancies, that were interpreted in really artistic fashion; and she showed us how admirably the work of Bach and Mozart blends with that of earlier and forgotten toilers in the same fields of song. In the Tuscan Stornelli, arranged by Blair Fairchild, Miss Mandeville has found songs that are admirably adapted to her voice and temperament: she must sing them at another recital, and place them in the first part of her programme. A word of special praise is due to the singer for her most artistic rendering of Berlioz's "L'Absence." Miss Mandeville gives a second recital to-night, and should find a large audience awaiting her.

The programme arranged for the second concert of the Philharmonic Society held several attractive items. Madame Marie Brema was announced to sing songs from Shakespeare's "Tempest," with music by Purcell, arranged for the orchestra by Sir C. V. Stanford. Vladimir de Pachmann was to play Chopin's F Minor Concerto, and a Symphony by Georges Enesco was to be heard for the first time in London. Dr. Cowen returned to the place that M. Colonne had filled for him at the first concert of the season. M. Enesco, who comes from Central Europe, is a protégé of M. Fauré, and is gathering together a group of admirers in Paris.



THE AMERICAN MADAMA BUTTERFLY, MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN PUCCINI'S OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Miss Farrar and Signor Caruso appeared together, and met with great success.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

His Symphony is startling, noisy, formless, and singularly free from any other melody than a reminiscence of some "Parsifal" music. It belongs to the latest and most irresponsible school of musical thought, and may be set down as the work of a clever young man who will learn when he is older that some of the conventions he has decided to despise have a very definite place in the scheme of musical things. Happily for the audience, which could not feign

much enthusiasm for the new work, M. de Pachmann's playing made the evening memorable, and the orchestra was heard to advantage in Stanford's first "Irish Rhapsody."

On Monday week next the London Choral Society will come to the rescue of the relatives of the unfortunate German singers who were drowned when the *Berlin* was wrecked off the Hook of Holland. Young's "Blessed Damsel" and the fine "German Requiem" of Brahms will be given. Few works have been responsible for more



THE FAMOUS LADY PIANIST WHO PLAYED AT THE QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA'S SYMPHONY CONCERT ON SATURDAY, MME. CARREÑO.

Mme Carreño's appearance on Saturday was the last that she will make in England for two years. Next winter she is going on a long tour through America.

Photograph by Bieber.

controversy than this requiem, which was written forty years ago, and given for the first time on Good Friday in the year 1868, in Bremen, before an audience representing some of the musical interests of half-a-dozen countries. The position of Brahms is not yet settled to the satisfaction of the great body of musicians in this country. Some place him by the side of Beethoven and Bach, others find that his music holds much that is tedious and obscure. One and all agree that the "German Requiem" is one of the composer's finest creations. With its splendid fugues and stately funeral march it will have a special fitness for the solemn occasion of its presentation at Queen's Hall. The concert should draw a large audience. Londoners have felt very keenly for the sufferers by the *Berlin* disaster, particularly for the unfortunate singers who were returning from the hard work and anxiety associated with the unsuccessful season of German Opera at Covent Garden.

As far as the affairs of the German Opera Syndicate are concerned, there is not much to add at time of writing to last week's note. Chorus and ballet have been paid up to the date of their last performances, but several considerable amounts are outstanding on the contracts, and the lawyers are busy. When the season came to an end, the German Syndicate was indebted in a large sum to the London Symphony Orchestra, while the claims of one tenor, who is bringing a lawsuit, ran into three figures, and smaller amounts were owing to singers who could ill afford to lose them. The most unfortunate artists are those who came over for the last performances. In some cases they received nothing at all, and had to pay their own travelling expenses. At the same time, the attacks upon the German Syndicate are to be deprecated. Its subscribers could hardly have hoped to make money; they took their chance of losing it in the interests of music in London, and their losses were quite beyond expectation.

COMMON CHORD.



THE MAGIC OF THE MERCEDES—THE FAT AND LEAN SPARK—MOTOR-BOATS AT OLYMPIA—THE TEACHINGS OF MICHELIN :
ADVICE ON TYRE QUESTIONS—LORD RUSSELL ROUNDS ON OBSTRUCTIONISTS—STEAM V. PETROL.

IF a general vote of motorists the world over could be taken as to the best all-round make of pleasure-car there would be, an I mistake not, a considerable total in favour of the Mercedes. True, we all have our favourite makes, but many a man to whom Fortune permits the widest possible choice comes sooner or later to a Mercedes. He may, from patriotic or other motives, subse-

Luxuriously and comfortably fitted, they are unsurpassed as river pleasure-craft, and are now turned out as quiet and odourless as a good car. It is not improbable that one or two of those hybrid craft called hydroplanes may be on view.

The Michelin tyre folk spare no pains to ensure long life to the tyres they sell. In lieu of devoting their advertisement spaces to mere facts concerning their own goods, and much crying from the housetops as to their great and growing value, they leave the well-known Michelin quality to speak for itself, and use the space they rent in the technical papers for the dissemination of valuable and highly instructive information on the construction, care, causes of wear, and repair of pneumatic tyres. In an interesting article which appeared last week they detailed no fewer than nine good reasons why one of a pair of tyres should wear more than its fellow. The proved reasons, of course, suggested means for prevention.

If more of us were inspired with but a portion of the public spirit which has been shown by Earl Russell upon more than one occasion there would not be quite so much motor-obstruction noticeable when we drive abroad. His Lordship is right eager to take steps when obstructed, so that the obstinate carter or vanman not only finds himself haled before a tribunal, but subjected to an examination as to his misdoings by one of the keenest advocates at the Bar, for his Lordship briefs himself in these cases. The vanman of Aldwych will hearken to a motor-horn in future!

The six-cylinder versus four-cylinder question having been ventilated in a somewhat one-sided manner, after a house dinner at the Automobile Club, the vexed question of steam versus petrol was argued with great spirit before a like audience a few days ago, and although the floodgates of speech were opened on each side, I really do not see that the discussion was very convincing. I am quite sure that no petrolist was converted to steam, and no steamer has since become a spiritualist. Both systems have their good points, although on paper and



THE MOTOR-CAR IN THE MALAY STATES: AN INTERESTING GROUP OF GRÉGOIRE CARS.
The photograph shows Mr. E. B. Skinner on a 15-h.p., Mr. G. Dearie Russell on a 15-h.p., Dr. Delmege on an 8-h.p., and the Hon. Everard Fielding on a 15-h.p.

quently abjure the foreign production, but having once possessed it, he will consider he has for the time owned the car which goes as near perfection as can the motor-car of the moment. All who have owned and driven Mercedes cars assert that there is something, something—they really cannot get down to sheer definitions—but something about these cars that is not experienced with any others. I can only compare the regard in which they are held by their past and present owners with the esteem which the genuine Beeston-Humber bicycle enjoyed for many years with cyclists at large.

Ignition has always been, and to a large section of the motoring world will probably always remain, something of a riddle. They have to be content with just that amount of superficial knowledge which will encompass their needs and enable them to avoid inconvenient road stops. This section has always been taught that a fat, hot spark is absolutely necessary to the satisfactory firing of the charges in their cylinders, and as this belief, if rigidly adhered to, has always resulted well, it is a thousand pities to disturb it. Yet it has been disturbed, and that by a learned doctor, who, in a paper read lately before the Automobile Club, and from the evidence of many most interesting experiments, said and showed that your corpulent spark was no better than your lean spark, so long as the latter did not overstep a certain degree of meagreness. One should bow to the scientist, of course, but yet I recall me engines that, halting grievously when the spark was poor, have braced up and pulled mightily when the sparking arc waxed again. Dr. W. Watson's most interesting and illuminating paper notwithstanding, I think that all automobilists will be wise to see their accumulators well charged up and capable of affording as fat a spark as possible.

I do not fancy that many readers of this column take so all-devouring an interest in commercial motor-cars that they will spend much time at the exhibition which opens to-morrow at Olympia. The Heavies, unlike the cavalry regiments which enjoy that title, are not fascinating, particularly to the weaker sex, whose hankering for fast and luxurious travelling draws them in crowds to the November show. But for many of both sexes the motor boats and launches will have much interest.



SHALL WE HAVE MOTOR-TYRE WINDOWS NEXT? A RAILWAY STATION WITH HORSESHOE ENTRANCES, DESTINED TO GIVE GOOD LUCK TO THE BUILDING.

The Central Station at Lisbon is remarkable for two large entrances shaped like horseshoes, which were so built in the hope that they would bring good luck to the building. With the gradual disappearance of the horse, and consequently of the horseshoe, it may perhaps be anticipated that the superstition will change with the times, and that it will be held as lucky to find an old motor-car tyre as it is now to find an old horseshoe. Whether the motorist himself will find the adapted superstition in the least satisfactory remains to be seen.

verbally the steamers would appear to make out much the better case. And yet motorists cannot all be fools and blind as bats to their own comfort and convenience, or why do we find so small a proportion of steam-cars running about the roads of this country and the Continent? Men are not slaves to petrol!

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DOUBLE-SPARE THE WHIP—JOCKEYS.

SPECULATION on the Lincoln Handicap has taken a somewhat wide range of late, for there is yet a lot of clearing up to be done before the mystery of the puzzle has been solved. His Eminence has been backed for good money by somebody, though not by the stable. Camisard is a genuine article, and the few who believe in three-year-olds have fastened on to Fra Diavolo in the light of a good thing. Japan, who has been doing work on the sands, is being steadily backed by North-country folk. This was a very fast horse once, and 6 st. 10 lb. is nothing to carry over the easy mile at Lincoln. He may be the surprise-packet after all. I like Mondamin, who has been doing good work at Malton and is said to be as fit as any horse that will start. He must be hard to beat on Tuesday, March 19. So must Sarcelle, if Lewis can coax the horse back to his two-year-old form. He has been working alongside of Ypsilanti, who is one of the most reliable tale-tellers in England. Next week I hope to be in a position to clear the mystery somewhat. Chops and changes have been numerous in the Grand National, and it is conceded that many of the horses engaged are "no-chancers" on paper. Still, falls do take place at Aintree, and I am not likely to forget that Old Joe could not possibly have been successful, had any one of the twelve horses that were in front of him the second time round only stood up. Red Lad is being backed like a winner, but I shall not have him on account of the weight. The three I like best are Aunt May, Ranunculus, and Napper Tandy, if the latter is Sir C. Nugent's best. If he should make way for Drumcree, then the latter ought to be backed.

Lord Durham thinks that jockeys sometimes use the whip unmercifully, and he is also of the opinion that apprentices should not be allowed a whip at all. One thing is certain—any boy who cannot ride with his hands cannot ride with his whip. We seldom saw Sloan punish a horse at all, and many of our most successful jockeys, like Tom Cannon senior and the late John Watts, hardly ever used the whip on any animal they rode. I remember that the late Mr. S. H. Hyde, secretary of the Kempton Club, promised R. Chaloner a pair of prize pigeons if he would ride The Imp in the Jubilee Stakes without the aid of a whip. The boy agreed, with the result that The Imp beat Theophilus by a head, although it should be added that George Barrett thought he had won on this last-named animal, and Captain Jones, the owner, thought otherwise. I quite agree with Lord Durham, that apprentices should be forbidden to carry a whip. When E. Martin, who is now a well known trainer, rode Don Juan to victory in the Cesarewitch he owed his success

in the main to Fordham suggesting before the start that the boy should be deprived of his whip. The horse just got home, but he would not have done so had Martin carried a whip. After the ride Martin was asked by the owner, Mr. Lambert, what he would like as a present, and he answered, "A pocket-knife." As a young man, Mr. Lambert was Jenny Lind's coachman.



£1350 AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND WON IN 170 SECONDS: GUNNER MOIR, WHO BEAT T. SMITH AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB THE OTHER DAY.

The boxing bout between the two men lasted for a trifle less than 2 minutes 50 seconds. By that time Smith was unfit for further boxing. Moir hits with tremendous force, and this fact, combined with Smith's error in "going in," won him the contest.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Mr. Jack (t). Mr. Goodlet (o). Mr. Cornell (o). Mr. Gray (o). Mr. Walker (t). Mr. Lindsay (o).



Mr. Burns (t). Mr. Grieve (t). Mr. Mackay (o). Mr. Hogarth (t). Mr. M'Lelland (t).

CLERICS AND THE LINKS: THE TEAM OF CLERGYMEN REPRESENTING THE PRESBYTERIES OF LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER, WHO PLAYED A MATCH SOME DAYS AGO.

The two teams met on the golf-links of the Manchester Club at Trafford Park. The members of the Manchester team were Messrs. Mackay (o), Gray (o), Jack (t), M'Lelland (t), Lindsay (o), Lindsay (o).—[Photograph by Scott and Co.]

for Elsey's stable, as the Baumber trainer has 110 horses under his charge. A. Templeman should be good to follow.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

time. He has been hunting in Ireland, and the change appears to have done him a lot of good. He will ride for Gilpin's stable, and should have a good time. He has to waste hard at times: Wootton has been riding in South Africa, and he should be in good form for Lincoln. It is said that Brewer the trainer has first claim on his services. Higgs has been hunting, and has recently been riding at exercise at Beckhampton. He is very likely to head the list of winning jockeys again this year. Wheatley will have a tremendous amount of riding

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Pity the Débutante.

This is the time of year—when Missy is about to make her first curtsy at Buckingham Palace—that the question is always raised as to the dullness of débutantes. The complaint generally comes from the young man of thirty, and not from the boy of twenty or the paternal-minded person in the heyday of his middle-age. Such men seldom find the emancipated schoolgirl unentertaining. On the other hand, I know one gay Guardsman of thirty-two who will go any lengths to avoid taking in a débutante to dinner, and has been known to weep and wring his hands when he found there was a live one in a country-house. But this is an extreme case. My Guardsman fears débutantes as Lord Roberts detests cats; he simply cannot endure one in the room. Another young man—a gunner—complains that the girls he knows bore him to death about cricket-scores, a well-meaning attempt on their part to be “in the masculine swim,” which fails signally, as the gunner does not care two pins for our national game. On the whole, the poor flapper in her first long dress comes in for a good deal of unmerited abuse. If she is not deliriously amusing to us, we may be sure she can be passably humorous and vivacious with boys of her own age, and to them she should be relegated, and not forced, at dinner, on to the society of her uncomprehending elders. Tables for the younger fry should be provided in all well-regulated houses.

American Men and English Girls.

Young American millionaires, it would seem, are turning their thoughts nowadays in the direction of the pretty and well-born English girl, and one or two recent marriages and engagements have proved to an amazed world that if the vivacious American can, with her dollars, capture with ease specimens of our more needy aristocracy, the handsome and healthy young Englishwoman has only to smile to find the Transatlantic *parti* at her feet. It is probable that American-English marriages are more likely to be successful, on the whole, than Anglo-American alliances. English girls of the higher classes, even when they are beauties, are not spoiled in the way that American women are. They will take the adulation of their American husbands with delight and gratitude, instead of as a right. Moreover, it is a notorious fact that the English husband does not go on all his life worshipping at the feet of his well-dowered spouse, whereas the American is a sentimental person, and will therefore appreciate his more tender-hearted English wife. Our girls have occasionally been scoffed at because they did not attract American admirers, but the truth is that formerly American youth and English beauty never met each other. With the increased facilities for travel, the English fishing for millions may become as common as the American angling for coronets. Prudent English

mothers will have a list of Transatlantic “fortunes,” just as the American mother knows her Debrett by heart. In any case, the international marriage, in the case of the Great Republic and ourselves, is all to the good.

A Motor-House.

The pleasing simplicity of travelling by van—in which are installed your Lares and Penates—has been bettered in America by the invention of the automobile house. It is, to be sure, an engaging idea. The motor house, or flat, has a sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen, a hot-water system and a gasoline range, and, presumably, incandescent lamps. A three-cylinder gasoline motor, set in motion by levers, will convey you, at a reasonable speed, from one part of the country to the other, and all you have to do is to pull a lever, go ahead, and change your scenery and climate at will. In these restless days, this new mode of living is certain to have a *succès fou*. The drawback to motor-tours at present is the uncertainty of one's night's lodging after a tiring day's journey; but if, like the snail, you can carry your house along with you and have only to retire inside to find all the comforts of home, the problem of motor-travelling is solved once and for all. At present, however, the only motor-house is in Chicago. England, one would imagine, would be a better field for the new experiment, and we may expect to see the idea taken up by English ladies with enthusiasm, for it is they especially who readily take to new adventures.

Only the other day, for instance, I met that intrepid lady, Miss Mary Hall, the only woman who has ever made the complete journey from the Cape to Cairo. She went absolutely alone, relying on a native interpreter in her doings with native tribes and chiefs, who seem, indeed, to have treated her with the same unfailing courtesy which the late Mary Kingsley experienced in another part of the African continent. Truly the white face—and particularly the white-faced woman—seems to bear a charmed life in the most unlikely places. It is significant that Miss Hall found the native soldiers in German territories more out-of-



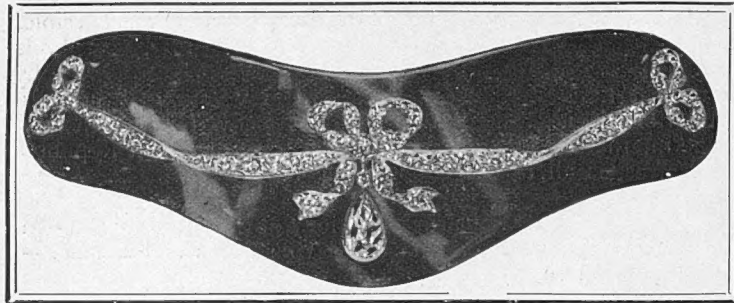
A PRETTY GOWN FOR THE COMING SEASON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see “The Woman-about-Town” page.)

hand than those ruled by other European countries, for our Teutonic kinsmen have not always a happy knack in dealing with blacks. Otherwise this intrepid lady—who, by-the-by, is of the quietest and most retiring disposition—was on the best terms with the natives all the length of her now famous voyage. I gather that Miss Hall is of opinion that “Mr. Rhodes's railway” will be accomplished, although it will take many years to do it. At Fashoda Miss Hall found Colonel Marchand's historic garden still flourishing—protected by the British flag. One is glad to know that this adventurous traveller, who recently lectured before the Royal Geographical Society, has just finished a book about her journey.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

RED roses are about eighteenpence each just now. Yet women who bewail the almost infinitesimal proportions of their incomes wear half-a-dozen pinned into their sable ties. The contrast is so delicious, they say, that they cannot resist the dear things! Next moment they are contemplating financial collapse because they have to insure their servants! When they gain the



A DELIGHTFUL DIAMOND ORNAMENT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

suffrage they will lower the price of roses, take the tax off men-servants, and do away with employers' liability altogether.

Evidently stripes are the thing. Last season they were tentatively with us. Now almost every one of the new fabrics is striped. Charming are those in finest silk grenadine, in silk muslin, and in Ninon-de-soie. A deep hyacinth-blue Ninon has a stripe in satin and one in silk, giving a double effect that is novel and pretty. Satin and Ninon-de-soie, in shades of bronze-green, mauve, and Malmaison pink are charming. All these will be made up with lace or embroidery, or both. The trimming is all about the shoulders and sleeves; while the skirts, if they be trimmed at all, have it only at the hem, the material falling in long folds from the waist. Sleeves are still short, but not so much puffed out as they were. A sloping effect is sought after for the shoulders.

Soon we shall want sunshades. As a rule we begin with *en tout cas*, useful for either sunshine or shower. A new idea in these is having the handle made like the thong-end of a hunting-crop. The leather loop is large enough to pass over the hand. When the *en tout cas* is down it hangs from the wrist; when up, the loop is a help to carry it. So far it is done in brown, blue, or green silk, and the loop of leather matches in colour. The notion has been received with great favour, for these very necessary protective shades have an unhappy knack of getting lost.

Culture is dictating to women to-day a thoroughness in the detail of dress that makes largely for picturesque effect. One of our most enterprising firms of modistes, when showing evening gowns, tells her mannequins to wear appropriate jewels. This, she says, is necessary because many women have the impression that handsome jewellery of any kind goes quite well with every style of dress. The real artist knows better, and uses her artistic talent to assist her less gifted clients. Not only does she make a study of the correct colours to go together, but also of styles harmonious with gowns pronouncedly influenced by particular periods. The Parisian Diamond Company are remarkably up to date in this respect. If a costume carry with it strong impressions of the Courts of Louis Quinze or Seize, an ornament such as that illustrated, the design one of festoons and knots of diamonds, will be perfectly harmonious. At the same time, it is a thing of beauty to accompany any toilet. For a modernised Empire dinner-gown—such as are now so much in vogue—the little pendant shown on our page is excellent. The pear-shaped stone in the centre should reproduce the colour of the dress, or, if that be white, it should be ruby or emerald.

A white-cloth costume that is going to sun itself on its lucky owner at Monte Carlo is particularly charming. The well-cut short skirt is striped with strappings of cloth on which are quantities of tiny crochet buttons. With it there is an Empire blouse, and to wear over it the neatest little ermine bolero that can be imagined. The tails are so put on as to give sloping effect to the figure. There is a little ermine toque, too, trimmed with black and white wing feathers. Another white-cloth costume has long lines of Irish crochet let in—stripes from waist to hem must be provided, even if the white scheme remain unbroken. The bodice is all of chiffon and crochet, and there is a very neat and rather saucy-looking little coat of Irish crochet, lined and frilled with chiffon. For this there is a white straw hat trimmed with bride-white ribbons and velvet pansies. White shoes and a white sunshade are also provided.

It is a pleasant practice which obtains nowadays with one of the most prosperous firms in our great world of commerce to give to their patrons reproductions of well-known pictures. Bovril, Limited, now offer that charming picture, "A Tempting Bait," by Arthur J. Elsley, which was in last year's Academy, reproduced as a gravure by C. W. Faulkner and Co., delightfully mounted, for a guinea's worth of coupons from bottles, tins, or jars of Bovril. It is quite worth while to go in for this competition, in which success is assured. The picture is so pretty—a wee laddie with a bridle

held behind him trying to coax his pony with an outheld apple, while three sisters and a collie look for the result. In every way it is a tempting bait, one well worth collecting coupons for, and we must have Bovril!

The interior of an Icelandic house as shown in "The Prodigal Son" is picturesque. So is the dress of the young girls. The round caps worn by maidens and matrons alike are very jaunty, with the long tassel falling from the centre. In gold or silver lace, with a jewelled tassel, these would make novel finishes for evening dress coiffures. Such are much in demand now, as there is a distinct breaking away from the tyranny of conventional hair ornament, which demands always an up-to-date style of hairdressing, often quite at variance with a picturesque style of dress.

An illustration of a graceful dress for the spring, appearing on the "Woman's Ways" page, shows a dress of the new malmaison-coloured cloth. The skirt is widely inserted with lace, matching the gown in colour, let in with deep points. The waistband and cuffs are of black satin, while the trimming of the bodice consists of bands of fancy ribbon chené with carnations, and with an ivory-tinted border. The hat is fine black chip, trimmed with roses and shaded rose-hued ostrich-feathers, very pale in tint, and going off to ivory tint.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

LADY BUTTERFLY—The Universal Hair Company, 84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, S.E., are reliable and painstaking specialists in the matter. The International Hair Company, 10, Newman Street, Oxford Street, are to be depended upon in every respect, and can give you skilled advice on the subject.

The season at Beaulieu, the charming Riviera resort midway between Nice and Monte Carlo, is now in full swing, and the cream of the Haut Monde is in residence at the famous and delightful Hotel Bristol. Among other distinguished visitors are the Duchess of Marlborough, Marquess of Blandford, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, the Duke of Montrose, Lady Anna Chandos Pole, Princess Duleep Singh with her daughter, Irene Duleep Singh, Sir George and Lady White, Duke de Bailén (Spanish Ambassador at Vienna), and the Duchess and Duke Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the Empress of Germany. The King of the Belgians recently visited his grandchild, the Duchess Gunther.

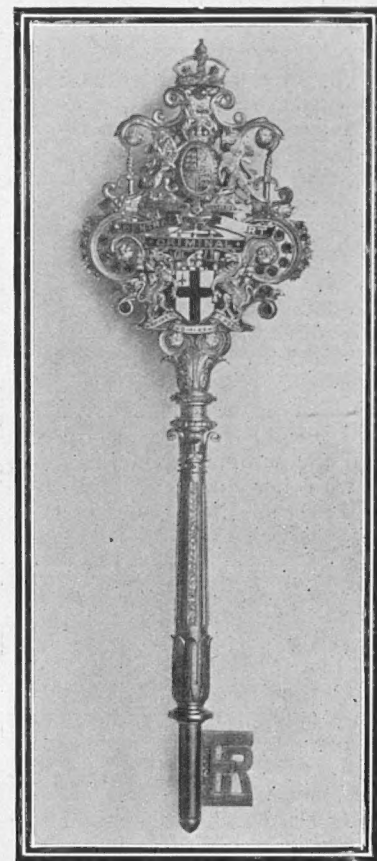
A publication which has just been issued by the Great Northern Railway Company should prove extremely useful to fanciers, agriculturists, horse and cattle dealers, sportsmen, etc. It takes the form of a handy booklet, and gives particulars of the principal dog and poultry shows, cattle and horse fairs, agricultural shows, and racing fixtures to be held during 1907, in addition to a large amount

of information as to rates, fares, etc. Copies of the book may be obtained gratis on application to any Great Northern station or office, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, London. The same company have also issued a pocket-card giving a list of the principal agricultural shows, which can be obtained from the Goods Manager, King's Cross Station, London.

Messrs. S. Smith and Son, Limited, will show at the Olympia Exhibition, for the first time, their new taximeter, which has been specially constructed under official advice to meet the requirements of the London cab. On the dial on the left time is shown by the hour, and on the other dial the distance traversed in miles. These dials are never in use together; when one is in action, the other must be stationary. A unique feature of this instrument is that it records the distance both inside and outside the radius. S. Smith and Son, Limited, believe that theirs is the only method by which a really satisfactory and reliable record of the distance traversed and time occupied can be obtained.



A CHARMING PENDANT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



THE GOLD COMMEMORATION KEY PRESENTED TO THE KING AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

The design is richly adorned with gems, and has the royal crown, in diamonds, as a special feature. The wards are in the form of the monogram, the idea being that each side of the key shall be equally interesting. The key was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., Silversmiths to His Majesty the King, 112, Regent Street.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12.

CONSOLS AND STOCKS GILT-EDGED.

WERE we asked if it be right to buy Consols now, as a speculation, we should be inclined to reply in the affirmative. The Navy Estimates, published the other day, were a favourable herald to what should be a satisfactory Budget. A reduction in the income tax seems to be pretty well assured, and this is a factor indirectly making for firmness in the Funds. But the public don't buy Consols. Why should they? Here is Irish Land stock paying £3 3s. 6d. on the money; there is the new Western Australian 3½ per Cent. stock to be bought at a price at which the yield is £3 13s. 6d. We don't mean to infer that the latter is on anything like the same grade as Consols, of course, but it is gilt-edged enough to make a difference of one per cent. in the yield an exaggeration—in favour of the Westralian stock, too.

CANADAS OR UNIONS?

The Canadian Pacific Railway pays a dividend of 7 per cent; the Union Pacific last declared a dividend of 10 per cent. Unions, *cum*-dividend, are some ten points below Canadas, which were *ex*-dividend last Wednesday. Is the difference justified? Ought not the prices to approximate more closely? And, if so, in which direction? Of the continuance of the Canadian Pacific's prosperity, and the increase thereof, few people have any doubt. Of the continuance of the Union Pacific's 10 per cent., well—It depends upon the stock-jobbing interests of a gang of unscrupulous wire-pullers. We believe that Unions, and Southern Pacifics also, will be put higher, but we are confident that Canadas will move up on their own merits, although, for a year or so, 200 will probably represent their full intrinsic value.

MEXICAN RAILS.

Never work a willing bull to death. The striking rise in Mexican Railway Ordinary stock should, we think, be utilised as a good opportunity for letting other people take a hand. To sell in a rising market requires almost more courage than is wanted to cut a loss at once. But we say without hesitation that the Ordinary stock has risen too far for the time being. It is different with Mexican Firsts. Keep them for investment. They are worth this price, as we have contended times without number, when the quotation was very much lower. This stock will go to somewhere between 150 and 160. The Second Preference at par, or thereabouts, looks high enough as things are at present. By the way, our "House Haunter" was tipping Interoceanic Preference a fortnight ago. The price rose a pound last week, and he declares it must go higher.

TWO DEFERRED INVESTMENTS.

Some time this month the Schweppe Company will declare the dividend on its Deferred shares, the distribution being for the full year, and not for six months. Twelve months back the distribution was 4 per cent.; now, some look for 4½ or 5 per cent., and the price of the shares is 11s. or thereabouts. Take the dividend at 4½ per cent, and the yield, allowing for accrued interest, is 9 per cent. on the money. Even a 4 per cent. dividend will give 8 per cent., and the Company is said to be doing very well. Then take Bovril Deferred. The price of the shares is 8s. 3d., and the dividend lately paid was 3 per cent. Had it not been for the Chicago meat scare, the Company would certainly have been able to repeat its previous performance of 4 per cent. on the Deferred. At the dividend paid, the yield comes to 7½ per cent. on the money, and there is the good chance of a return to the 4 per cent. level. Speculative, of course; but, recognised as such, quite good.

BARRIERS.

Frankly, the gamble in Zincs does not charm us. A few inside people with all the knowledge—selections of which they impart to a gaping Press as it suits them—are excellent judges of the value of the Company's process, but we should advise readers to wait until more definite information is available. Our own opinion is that the process is right enough, but that this need not justify the capital having a market value of a million and a half sterling at the present moment. Now some of the other Broken Hill shares are considerably better purchases. There are Proprietary shares, upon which an increased distribution in the near future is tolerably certain. There are British Broken Hills, more speculative, but paying well. There are Broken Hill Souths, which stand about 7½ and receive dividends at the rate of 16s. per annum. These all look attractive. Mount Lyells, to go farther south, we have excellent authority for declaring to be worth £3, and we look for the price to reach this figure.

KAFFIRS' CONSTITUTION.

When people begin to buy Kaffirs, when they start, as they did in 1895, writing dozens of letters daily to the newspapers asking what they should purchase, we shall begin to have some hope for the poor, discredited old Kaffir Circus. There is no backbone about it; no power of resistance to a few attacking sellers. Of course the Transvaal Constitution has made no difference to the market. Nobody expected that it would. The Home Government are a little less loud than at the election time over their cry of

Chinese slavery. Maybe they see that it's no use killing the country financially by cutting away the one thing needful to keep the gold industry alive—unless the coolies can be replaced by aborigines.

THE RISE IN TEA SHARES.

One of the outstanding features amidst the rather gloomy times through which markets have recently been passing has been the general advance in the price of Tea Companies' shares. This advance is, of course, directly due to the rapid rise in the price of tea itself, and in considering how far this rise is justified and is likely to continue, it is necessary to examine rather closely the statistics with regard to the world's consumption of Indian and Ceylon teas. The most striking point in this connection is the great increase in the foreign demand for these teas—270,000,000 lb. of tea paid duty for home consumption in 1906, as compared with 259,000,000 in 1905, while there was exported from the United Kingdom 55,000,000 lb., as compared with 41,000,000 in the previous year. Practically the whole of this increase was in Indian and Ceylon teas. The total quantity of these teas produced in 1906, and not used in the United Kingdom, was 144,000,000 lb., as against 126,000,000 lb. in 1905. The increased demand from Russia and Germany has been especially satisfactory, but all the large consuming countries have shown considerable increases in consumption. There seems every reason to suppose that this foreign demand will continue and increase as the merits of Indian and Ceylon teas become more widely known; the extent of this foreign demand cannot be measured, and it is this which is leading to the great speculative advance in the price of the commodity. How great the advance has already been may be seen from the following figures, showing the average sale prices in London during February this year as compared with last year—

	Feb. 1906.	Feb. 1907.
Assam	7½	9¼
Dovars	5½	8
Travancore... ..	5½	7½
Ceylon	6½	8½

As to the future, there will no doubt be fluctuations, and the higher price will stimulate production; but it seems certain that for some time to come the price of tea will be on an altogether higher plane than in recent years, and the outlook for all the producing Companies is therefore bright. Among the very best of the Companies is the *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company*, whose £10 shares I recommended to your readers eighteen months ago at £30 a share. The present price is £36, and in time it will no doubt be much higher, for in course of years a large revenue will be derived from rubber as well as tea. For eighteen years the Company has paid 15 per cent. dividends. The price obtained for the Company's tea in London in recent years has been about 7½d., and a rise of 1d. per lb. on the Company's out-turn would represent about an additional £1 per share in dividend.

Saturday, March 2, 1907.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIGHTON.—The profits, after 6 per cent. to all shares, are divided equally, half to the Preferred and half to the Deferred; but as there are 500,000 Preferred and 225,000 Deferred, each Deferred share will get more than twice as much of the surplus as each Preferred.

OASIS.—Both the Copper concerns look to us good speculations.

HALT.—Tintos are very strong, as there is no doubt that the "bears" have been caught short; but the position is dangerous, and you would be wise to sell part of your option at least, and secure your profit. Never be too greedy. As a gamble, Chillagoe might suit you.

J. M. M.—We meant with the firm in question. You will find all sorts of shares "pushed" on to you, and in the end you will be sorry you ever opened an account with them.

J. R.—The Dairies are, we think, being pushed by a bucket-shop, which probably has an option over a block of shares. We do not advise purchase. In the end Canadian Pacifics will go higher, but it may take time.

KROMO.—(1) A good report is expected. (2) As a speculative investment, "yes." (3) Yes.

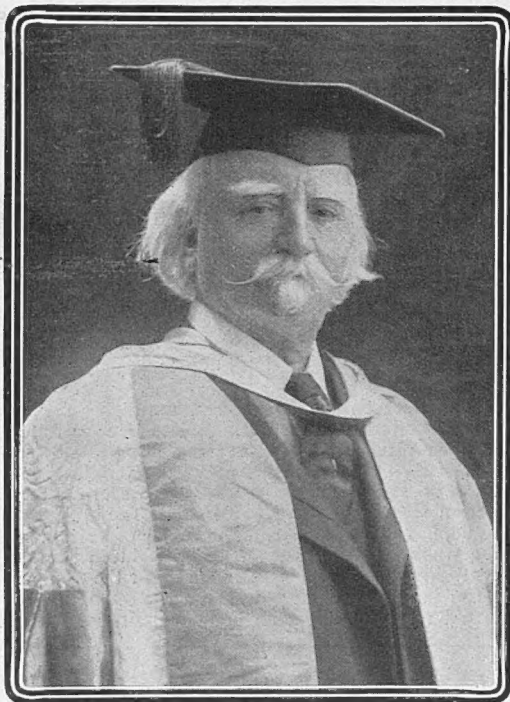
SPRASKY.—Probably the firm you name are all right. With these outside brokers you never can tell. Both your mines should be held. In our opinion London and West Australian Explorations are worth more than the present price.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester, Zarum should win the Foxhunters' Hurdle. I like The Grasper for the March Steeplechase; Cuckoo for the Belgrave Hurdle; and Call Duck for the Thurmaston Steeplechase. At the National Hunt Meeting, to take place at Warwick, I think Portlight II. will win the National Hunt Steeplechase, and Bramber may win the Juvenile Steeplechase. At Hooton Park I like Canary II. for the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Creolin for the Long Distance Hurdle, Domino for the Great Cheshire Steeplechase, Heatree for the Rossmore Flat, and Whitechapel for the Hooton Hurdle. The following should go close at Gatwick: Gorse Hurdle, Orbel; Epsom Steeplechase, Kozak; March Steeplechase, Lord Cork; Ockley Hurdle, Gorgias.

AUGUST MANNS.

THE world of music lost one of its most picturesque, one of its greatest figures by the death of Sir August Manns, a figure many will miss, many mourn. Manns' name has been closely associated with British music for many a year, and few have done more for it during the last half-century. His work at the Crystal



THE LATE SIR AUGUST MANNS, THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR.

Photograph by Russell

Palace is world-famous. He it was who began the Saturday Concerts, did much to bring the Handel and other Festivals their popularity, introduced many of the finest examples of the French, Russian, and German schools to this country, and to him many a British composer now reaping the reward of his ability owes his first hearing. It was as a *chef d'orchestre* that he was best known here—as he was in Germany—but he was also the writer of much original work that gained popularity. In the days when he was first violin at the theatre in Danzig he composed and arranged concerted music that won him local fame; later he produced much dance music favoured in Northern and Southern Germany. His knighthood came to him four years ago, and then, too, Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Music.

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ROSINA BRANDRAM.

TO the younger generation—even to those who saw "Véronique" and delighted in it—Rosina Brandram was little more than a name; to their elders she was one of *the* names, a Savoyard of the Savoyards, and as such to be remembered while memory lasts. Seven or eight-and-twenty years ago she went to New

York, there to take part in the copyright performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," and for a year or two she made unobtrusive progress, playing in an occasional curtain-raiser, and understudying the chief contraltos. Then, in 1884, Lady Blanche, "professor of abstract science," in "Prince Ida," gave her her opportunity, and "Rosina of the glorious voice that rolled out as full-bodied Burgundy rolls down" came into her own. As Dame Hannah in "Ruddigore," the Duchess of Plaza Toro in "The Gondoliers," Dame Carruthers in "The Yeomen of the Guard," she was inimitable. She may be said to have died in harness. While playing in "Véronique" she was the victim of a serious cab-accident, and from the injuries then received she never quite recovered.



THE LATE MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM, THE WELL-KNOWN SAVOYARD.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery



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